THE ENGLISH REVIEW

NEW SERIES AUGUST, 1931 No. 3.

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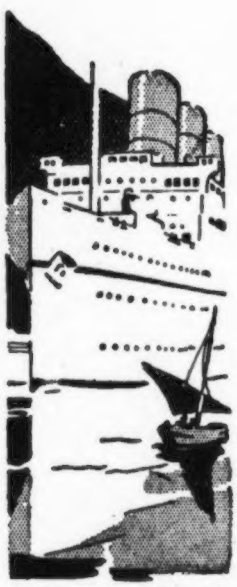

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

25th Year of Publication

NEW SERIES — NO. 3

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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Correspondence

The Mind of a Darwinist

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—A man who cannot see the difference between an assertion that Natural Selection produces new characters and an assertion that Natural Selection can be active in producing new characters, would be idiot enough to confuse mother and midwife. Mr. Lunn has found inverted commas and the word "quite" left in the setting of a passage in the *Science of Life* into which an editorial hand has manifestly inserted a clause for greater clearness. This oversight he finds "delicious." The simple are easily pleased, but why you should ask me to "reply" to Mr. Lunn's ecstasy, puzzles me. I am rather moved to congratulate him on his silly happiness.

Sincerely yours,
H. G. WELLS.

Mr. Lunn's Reply

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—My short-lived ecstasy of silly happiness is replaced by sober sympathy with a great man in a sad mess. I am prepared to accept Mr. Wells's courteous description of myself as an idiot, if this be the only alternative to admitting the intelligence of Mr. Wells's futile distinction between "produces" and "active in producing." (Incidentally, the words "active in producing" did not occur in the passages which I quoted.) A mother, one gathers, "produces" but is not "active in producing" a baby, and might properly be described as suffering "the pains of rest" rather than "the pains of labour." Or again, the distinction between "producing" and "active in producing" might be illustrated by the contrast between those authors who are content to produce passages as originally written and those who are "active in producing" new characters in the shape of additions of their own to passages quoted from other authors. Mr. Wells would be the first to reject the excuse which he offers if tendered by a theologian convicted of interpolating a passage into an ancient document.

Nor does the analogy of the midwife help us. The case which Mr. Wells quotes is the case of a wood in which light birches were gradually replaced by dark pines, with the result that the light moths, which could only escape detection against a background of light birches, gradually disappeared. Mr. Wells may be able to explain the manner in which this illustrates the "midwife" action of natural selection "active in producing new characters." What new characters have been produced? The dark moths which remain in the wood are the descendants of the original dark moths. No light moth has been transformed into a dark moth in the process. The light moths have been exterminated just as badly camouflaged guns were blotted out in the late war.

Finally, Mr. Wells's notion of "clearness" is not shared by Mr. Haldane, who dismisses as "an obviously silly remark" the clause which Mr. Wells "manifestly inserted for greater clearness."

I repeat, "The situation is delicious."

Yours very truly,
ARNOLD LUNN.

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Marshal Foch and the British Armies

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—General Spears's attempt to reply to my defence of the character of Marshal Foch against the aspersions he sought to cast upon it in a certain newspaper article need not detain me long. I use the word "character" advisedly. For the whole of his article, from first to last, was directed to conveying to his untutored readers the impression that the Marshal was a mean, ungenerous, vainglorious and vindictive man. The headline to the article—"From his grave, Foch belittles us"—summed up, with sub-editorial terseness, the whole purport and spirit of it.

In his roving and discursive reply, General Spears neither repudiates nor regrets the calumny conveyed in that vicious headline. He withdraws nothing. But neither does he substantiate anything. He takes cover behind a manly, dignified and, be it observed, strictly impersonal letter, which appeared in the *Morning Post* of February 3rd, by Major-General H. J. S. Landon, who commanded the 1st Division at Gheluvelt on and after October 31st, 1914. In that letter, General Landon very properly pointed out that the Battle of Gheluvelt was "won alone by the indomitable bravery of the British Army." Foch, of course, was not there, his information was second-hand, and his book, dealing as it did with the "higher strategy" of four years of war, was not, and never claimed to be, a detailed narrative of "operations" at all. He had only 19 pages, i.e. just 7,000 words, in which to cover the confused, intricate and overlapping series of Allied actions, extending over a 30-mile front, and more, and lasting some 23 days, of which actions Gheluvelt, vital though it was, was only one. To these "battles" (the plural is rightly used by General Edmonds) of Ypres our own Official History devotes 321 pages and no less than 160,000 words—and there is not a word too much. And in his Memoirs, Foch, on just one point, i.e. as to what happened on the morning of the 31st at Gheluvelt, makes one slip.* After speaking of the British line being "broken" (the very words used in our own "Official History," at pp. 322, 325, 326 of the second volume), and describing the symptoms of what appeared to him to be a "retreat" (in words almost identical with those of Lord French at p. 249 of his "1914"), he expresses the opinion that his own intervention with Lord French, and his offer of assistance, helped to save the situation. As a matter of fact, on that particular day and at that particular place the situation was retrieved solely by the British commanders and the British troops in the nick of time. This is all that General Landon urged in his letter. He was scrupulously careful, unlike General Spears, to avoid any imputation on Foch's character, disposition or veracity. Yet this is the letter, abbreviated by General Spears, which the latter prays in aid—I am inclined to say perverts—to establish his thesis that Foch "was a *very curious character*," was "*constantly* ignoring and under-estimating the rôle of the British army" and "attributing victory solely to himself and the armies he commanded."

This was the only scrap of evidence which General Spears produced in his original article to damn a whole book and the character of a great soldier—a soldier who was dead and could not defend himself. But that is not all. In the very chapter and on the very pages in which Foch, according to General Spears, deliberately depreciates our troops, the Marshal pays a whole series of

* One slip! Lord French himself in his narrative of the operations of *his own troops* ("1914") makes dozens, and, as Sir John Fortescue pointed out in the *Quarterly Review*, is grossly inaccurate.

(*Continued on page* viii)

THE CRITERION

Edited by T. S. ELIOT

IN the seven years of its existence as a review of literature THE CRITERION has published work by the most distinguished authors of every country and every generation. Among the contributors are found such names as George Saintsbury, Charles Whibley, J. M. Robertson, G. K. Chesterton, W. B. Yeats, Virginia Woolf, Clive Bell, E. M. Forster, Aldous Huxley, Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, James Joyce, May Sinclair. It was the first review in England to publish Marcel Proust, Paul Valery, Jacques Maritain, Charles Maurras, Max Scheler, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Jean Cocteau, and other foreign writers. The files of THE CRITERION constitute the most nearly complete record in existence of the intellectual life of Europe during these seven years. THE CRITERION is necessary to anyone who wishes to follow that intellectual and artistic life in the present and future.

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tributes to "the gallant resistance of the British troops" *at Gheluvel* (p. 176), to "their valour which proved itself equal" to the recovery *of Gheluve* (p. 179), to their "heroism" *at Gheluvelt* (p. 179), to their "renewed ardour" in the face of attacks of the "utmost violence" (p. 181 and p. 197). Was i mere slovenliness or was it malice aforethought that moved General Spears t "constantly ignore" all this? Who can tell? He would fain have us believ that he wrote his article to dissipate the dangers of "profound ill-will betwee France and ourselves." It seems a mighty odd way of doing it. General Spear may or may not be "a very curious character." I know nothing about that. But he has a very curious mind.

Since my article appeared, I have received a long and remarkable letter, o permanent importance, from a distinguished English General, still on the activ list, who fought with the 1st Division at Gheluvelt—I enclose his name. Among many other striking things, he says this—

> "As regards Foch's tributes to our armies, he has made, as you observe, many tributes to the British forces, not only in the Memoirs, but in his preface to the Haig despatches and on many other occasions. The Memoirs give the account of the High Commanders, but it is perfectly fair to say as criticism, that the crisis (*at Gheluvelt*) was over before the measures describes could have been effective. But one can hardly expect a Frenc man not to give his account of what he saw and did or expect any accou written in such a way to be exact. *The fact remains that the British pub often forget that the French losses in the first Battle of Ypres were, I believe as severe as our own, and although we may rightly claim the greater part o the glory, the French have theirs.*"

These admirable and chivalrous words hit the nail on the head. The coincide, with remarkable exactness, with the plea, which Foch makes (at page 197) in regard to the battle, or rather battles, of Ypres—he is not here speaking of Gheluvelt—when he says: "it would be contrary to truth to speak of the victory as *exclusively* British." Truly a very modest plea! No doubt Foch had in mind two books in which German Staff officers, pursuing the German propagandist game of driving a wedge between the British and French, completely ignore the French effort and, in particular, the magnificent co-operation of General Dubois and the IXth Corps.

I return, for the moment, to the more transient subject of General Spears. It is hardly worth while following up his attempts, in his letter, to obscure the issue between him and me—which is his misrepresentations of Marshal Foch—by his new, and almost equally misleading, misrepresentations of other French soldiers.* It is enough to say that in his original article, after making the most, and the worst, of Foch's slip about Gheluvelt, he darkly hinted that it was "but one among many examples" of Foch's malignancy of mind which he could produce from Foch's book. In his reply to my criticisms of his article he had an opportunity of producing the others. He has produced none. And there are none.

The Temple,
18 July, 1931.

I am, Sir, etc.,
J. H. MORGAN.

* General Huguet, for example, whom General Spears now drags in as a fellow-conspirator with Foch in the "belittlement" of the British Army. General Huguet's actual words about our troops at Gheluvelt are as follows: "They gave proof the whole time (*toujours*) of the most splendid qualities of energy and obstinacy and of a heroism which has rarely been surpassed. Ypres, viewed as an example of soldiers' valour is one of the greatest things ever done and well may Great Britain be proud of it"—*L'Intervention Militaire Britannique*, p.164.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

AUGUST, 1931

Current Comments

The Crisis : A Long View.

BY the time these notes are published, the immediate crisis in Germany will, we hope, be resolved. If we devote our notes this month to a review of the crisis and an analysis of the dangers involved, it is because the crisis in essence will be with us for a long while. The essential thing is to distinguish between the symptom and the disease. The symptom is the withdrawal of short-term credits from Germany, and the first essential is to get rid of the symptom by the necessary technical measures. But these measures will not remove the disease, nor does it immensely matter what undertakings are given or withheld in regard to the further action necessary to deal with the disease. Undertakings extracted by force or accepted with indifference are alike valueless. What will determine the future of Europe is the existence of the will—the strong, united and determined will—of the creditor countries to insist that the disease shall be eradicated. This will, not to power but to prosperity, has been exercised beneficially by the European countries in the development of the resources of the East and the New World, and wherever it has weakened, as it has recently in China, the evil effects have been world wide. If the diseases of political instability and financial improvidence are going to be allowed to settle within Europe itself, then there is no more to be said. Our civilization is at an end. We, for our part, think that it is not. But it will be preserved only by a firm and resolute adherence to fixed principles.

The Crisis : The Facts.

IT is unfortunately not possible to say that the extent or nature of the crisis are yet understood. We live

in an age which has made it a habit to attempt to solve economic problems by patent medicines, and it was perhaps natural that, while such obviously delusive panaceas as Socialism or Empire Free Trade were being cried from the housetops by the left and right wing as the cure for depression at home, all schools of thought should have seized on the revision of the War Debt and Reparations Agreements as the panacea for the depression in Europe and America. The fact that the crisis remained and actually became gravely intensified after the widely advertized remedy had been adopted might have at least suggested a doubt about its remedial qualities. Instead, an asinine attempt is being made to pretend that the "criminal" French "delay" in replying to Mr. Hoover's "statesmanlike gesture" was responsible for the later catastrophe. Why is it statesmanlike, on the assumption of the revisionists, to delay proposing a remedial remedy for ten years and criminal to take a few days to discuss it when it is proposed? Mr. Hoover was under no illusion whatever that his modest proposal was going to inaugurate a new era in Europe. Had he believed that he would have proposed it before. To suggest otherwise is to insult the intelligence of an extremely capable and well-informed politician.

The Cause of the Crisis.

THE facts are of course quite other. The effects of reparation and war debt payments are, *qua payments*, no different from the effects of other international transfers, and it is mere bedlam economics to suggest that there is anything disadvantageous in international transfers as such. From the earliest beginning of the modern world there have been creditor and debtor countries, and there will continue to be creditor and debtor countries as long as our civilization lasts. Without international indebtedness there could be no new industries, no repair of the ravages of wars or famine or insurrection, no

fruitful development of natural resources in accordance with the new needs of succeeding generations. **The difficulty to-day lies not in the economic effects of *transferring* the different war debts and reparations, but wholly in the political conditions which prevent the adverse trade balance of the debtor countries being met by the usual method of loans to these countries by the creditor countries. So far from it being foolish, malicious or improvident to impose political conditions on any new settlement, no new settlement which neglects to impose such conditions is worth the paper it is written on.** If any debtor country is not in a position to fulfil the necessary conditions, it passes out of the comity of civilized nations, and will bring ruin not only on itself but on all its creditors, among whom, of course, the private creditors are in an immense majority.

The Results of Lloyd-Georgian Finance.

IT will be apparent from this that Europe is faced with a graver situation to-day than at any time in recent history. Up to 1928 Germany as a debtor country was forced to borrow extensively and was able to do so on long-term credits. Owing to a lax financial policy alike by the State, by municipalities and by the big trading corporations, she actually borrowed more than she required and employed the proceeds on non-productive or inadequately productive undertakings. The result was an artificial prosperity bound to end in an economic collapse. The collapse was hastened by the American boom which made it necessary for Germany, like every other economic unit, whether private or public, which is living beyond its income, to go on borrowing on unfavourable terms. This meant, in effect, on short-term credits. As the rottenness of her financial structure became increasingly apparent this accumulation of short-term credits, always damaging, became disastrous. The time was bound to come when the misplaced and

already waning confidence of her creditors would disappear, and the accumulation of short-term credits gave them the power which they would certainly seize to translate their loss of confidence into action. That is what had begun to happen when Mr. Hoover proposed his moratorium, an inadequate remedy proposed far too late.

The Claims of the "Indispensables."

IT is now being urged that the loss of confidence was due as much to the threat of a Fascist revolution in Germany as to any fundamental unsoundness in her position. The view is of course urged strongly by the moderate party which holds office in Germany to-day, and is being made the basis of a policy which demands political concessions (instead of making them) in order to keep the move to the right within bounds. There is a half truth in this plea which makes it extremely dangerous. It is of course true that anything like a *coup d'état* in Germany would be fatal to Germany at the present juncture, and that as long as the menace of revolution hangs over Germany the other almost equally impoverished nations of the European system, however imprudently they act, can do little or nothing by financial means to restore confidence. It is, however, necessary to remember that revolutions are born of circumstances. They do not create them. Just as in this country we are moving towards a crisis because of the cowardice of our politicians in facing economic problems which have yet to be faced if the £ is not to follow the mark, so in Germany the revolt from the moderate politicians is due to the disastrous effects of their policy on the German people. In this there is a vital lesson for us as well as for Europe.

The Futility of Moderation.

IF a crisis comes about here in England, we shall, without doubt, be asked to rally to whatever government is in power, or, worse still, to accept, in the

interests of national recovery, a centre government of "moderate" men of all parties. Yet it will be the policy of the moderate men, above all others, which will have produced the crisis. As we have explained, and as now, far too late, is admitted, except by the popular press, the cause of the German debacle is over-capitalization, wasteful expenditure, and non-productive expenditure at a time when there were no surplus revenues to pay for it; the attempt, in other words, to maintain a higher standard of life than the resources of the country immediately allowed of. The result was a growing impoverishment, which had political consequences, which in their turn aggravated the loss of confidence abroad. But that is the habit of political reactions from economic ills. We have a precisely similar chain of cause and effect in England, where the dole and its lax administration, a political consequence of the initial depression, began by aggravating that depression and now threatens to produce a catastrophe.

The Task of Conservatism.

CONSERVATIVES in these difficult circumstances must hold hard to one certain fact in an uncertain world. The result of attempting to maintain an uneconomic standard of life by uneconomic expenditure, whether out of loans or taxes, whether the money is borrowed abroad or raised by liquidating savings at home, must, in all cases equally, be disastrous. It may lead according to national habit and political temper to a swing to the left, to a swing to the right, or, as in England, to a fatalistic attitude of indifference fostered by the sapping of individual energy and moral responsibility. But wherever it leads it will lead away from the moderate middle-class politicians who have brought our own country and Germany to the present situation. That at least is certain. Moderation is excellent, but it must not be merely moderation in evil. If the men of the Centre wish to retain control they must reverse their

policy. The tragedy of it is that the men of the Centre outside Germany lack, for the most part, the moral authority to exact a reversal of policy from Germany so long as they refuse to reverse their own policy at home.

"Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?"

HOW can Mr. Hoover insist on German disarmament, when America has, after allowing for the rise in costs, nearly doubled her expenditure on armaments since 1914? How can Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with an unbalanced Budget and a record of profligate administration, insist on a reduction of the German expenditure on social and political services? How can Mr. Lloyd George, however adept at turning somersaults, protest against the madness of the vast capital expenditure which Germany has undertaken when his own remedy for our troubles is to do precisely the same thing over here. These facts darken the shadows over Europe, and will, unless they are removed, bring the day of reckoning nearer. The nebulous inconclusions of the Macmillan Report on Finance and Industry show that no relief even of the most partial kind can be expected from the banks or the money market for evils wholly political in their origin. The only pity is that what is written so clearly between the lines of this voluminous document is not proclaimed from the housetops.

Mr. Wickham Steed and Treaty Revision.

A DEBT of gratitude is owed to Mr. Wickham Steed, whose devotion to the League of Nations is well known, for his stern warnings on the subject of Treaty Revision. However serious the economic consequences of Germany's lax financial policy, their full seriousness is not yet apparent (any more than is the case in England), and the great strides made by the militant Nationalists in Germany would not have been made but for the grossly sentimental and indeed criminally negligent attitude of the English left wing politicians

towards Treaty Revision. The effect of this attitude was, of course, to suggest that a really united and determined Germany could secure drastic modifications in the Versailles Treaty. Much more of this sentimental flapdoodle from our pacifist friends, and Europe will be drowned not in the crocodile tears of the misguided readers of the *New Statesman*, but in the blood of the victims of another and an unnecessary war. Let us get back to sense in this matter. It is arguable, perhaps, that no international obligations should be binding unless entered into voluntarily, but that doctrine, wholly false though we believe it to be on quite other grounds, is admittedly inapplicable in dealing with frontiers recently created by the solemn act of the Great Powers and on the strength of which new national and industrial interests and rights have been publicly created and guaranteed.

No Short-Cuts to Peace.

IN these plain circumstances there is no path to peace by tearing up the treaties just because they are treaties. Revision must be by consent and agreement between the interested parties. The German-Polish frontier is for Germany to modify, if she can, by agreement with Poland. If not, unless war is to be reinstated as an instrument of policy, the frontier stands. Similarly with Germany's western and southern frontiers. As long as Germany is given to think that there is any way of modifying the frontiers otherwise than by friendly agreement with the signatories of the treaty, so long will the move to the Right continue, and so surely will militarism regain its power. In the process the collapse of the German financial system will become complete and the loss to all Europe will be incalculable. The idea that there is any "concession," a gesture which France can make which will placate German nationalist sentiment, is folly. The Polish frontier is not France's to modify, and the Austrian question concerns Italy as well and, indirectly, the whole of the

Near East. The hardships arising out of the present frontiers will be modified not by threats of forceful action or economic upheaval, but by the goodwill which Germany alone can secure for herself by her own actions and policies. The first action required of her is to show that in the present crisis she puts the welfare of Europe above her own ambitions.

France: A Plea for Realism.

THE comments on the French attitude in the left wing press showed, indeed, a childlike lack of realism. Quite obviously the situation in Germany calls for help. Quite obviously, unconditional help will not relieve the crisis unless the conditions of recovery are voluntarily offered by Germany. These conditions are three:—

(*a*) The reduction of government expenditure (including municipal expenditure);

(*b*) The cessation of inflationary schemes of reconstruction and development hitherto assisted by the banks without sufficient regard to their productivity;

(*c*) The abandonment by Germany of her political offensive against the Versailles Treaty, which has led to a loss of confidence in European stability by the American investor.

If France had not insisted in inquiring into the likelihood of these conditions being fulfilled, America would certainly have done so. It is perfectly well known that Mr. Henderson advised the German government to make their attitude clearer on their own initiative. *Failing such action, no French government which offered unconditional assistance could have lived a day.*

The Position of France.

IT is futile to say, as our pro-Germans do, that all this merely shows the wickedness of France. The French attitude is the result of three facts. The first is the loss sustained by over a million and a half individual investors

in France by the Russian default—not the default of the Russian government on its own debt, but the confiscation by the Russian government of revenue-producing assets built up by French savings. The second factor is the fear felt in France of Germany's ultimate political intentions in regard to the Versailles Treaty (and in particular her fear that the Germans intend to denounce the disarmament clauses of the Treaty unless the forthcoming Disarmament Conference provides them with a virtual parity with France herself). The third factor is the French social system, which is built up on individual thrift and which makes it impossible for any French government at any time to take a very long view about foreign investments. This last factor is admittedly a "bear" point in the present situation. It is necessary to remember that it is a "bull" point if, as our pro-German friends urge us, we take a long view. France, by reason of her social system, is always conservative in the best sense of the term. In the present crisis, indeed, her intransigeance has roused such bitter comment for the very reason that her financial position, being so strong, makes her able to render invaluable help to the European recovery.

Do we really wish to see a Thriftless France?

A THRIFTLESS, dole-fed France might be easier to handle in the councils of Europe, but if we imagine France in such a plight, all that it would mean would be that the crisis would be intensified a hundred fold, and that the whole burden of relieving it would fall on the English-speaking peoples. It is not only silly but disingenuous to talk in sonorous platitudes about the unity of the European system and to sneer at the same time at the qualities which have ensured that even in these difficult times there is one European power whose prosperity rests on secure foundations. All human qualities have their defects, and the world will always love the spendthrift more than the prudent accumulator

of wealth. But the future of our civilization depends absolutely on keeping this very human weakness of judgment in check. The world to-day needs a re-birth of prudence. Without it all gestures will be vain, and all guarantees as words written in the sands while the tide pours in.

What is Meant by "Revision"?

TO come down to the particular, it is time to rebuke in plain language the foolish habit of referring to the Versailles Treaty as a monument of folly which only French criminality desires to preserve. The most criticized of all the provisions of the treaty, provisions for which England and the United States were every bit as responsible as France, were those relating to reparations. These have been long since modified and would have been virtually obliterated years ago but for the attitude not of France, but of the United States. And even to-day the United States refuses to say the word. For the rest, the Polish Corridor is the most difficult problem, but it is futile to pretend that the Polish Frontier, once settled in this way, can easily be changed. At present, it is almost a declared aim of Germany to change it by force of arms if it cannot be changed in any other way. What do these people who plead for Franco-Germany parity in armaments and who applaud Germany's refusal to guarantee the Polish Frontier think that they are doing?

The Real Path to War

WE imagine that their simple view is that, if they get their way, a situation will be created in which the hands of France and Poland can be forced by diplomatic action. This, they say, is the modern way. But if they believed what they say, they would be indifferent to the relative size of French and German armaments. They know well enough in reality that behind this "diplomatic action" and "the pressure of public opinion" would be the threat by Germany of effective war, and that it would only be in so far as that threat

was serious that diplomatic action could succeed. France's policy, therefore, is to secure the Polish Frontier by making effective war impossible for Germany in the next two generations. If it is an impracticable policy, it is because this war at least is in any case inevitable. We refuse to believe this. But at least let us be realists and understand that if a refusal to accept Franco-German parity in armaments will lead to a German nationalist *coup d'état* it is at least equally certain that the acceptance of the principle of parity unaccompanied by a guarantee of the political provisions of the Versailles Treaty is tantamount to the acceptance of another war *sometime* as an alternative to a revolution in Germany *to-day*. The *via media* is at least worth seeking.

The Macmillan Report.

LIKE Mr. Snowden, we desire a little more time before commenting in detail on the Macmillan Report. It is not an inspired document and contains far too much mumbo-jumbo. The following sentence, for instance, is not a quotation from Beachcomber but from page 164 of this document :—

"*In any community which wishes to keep in the van of progress, the financial and industrial worlds should be closely integrated through appropriate organizations. Bankers or financial leaders, who are in touch with the leaders of finance in other countries who have a thorough knowledge of the economic and financial conditions . . . of other countries . . . should be able . . . to give aid of very great value in all financial problems.*"

Who would have guessed it?

Again :—

"*Industry is yearly becoming more internationalized and British industry . . . will find institutions in touch with international finance invaluable in many ways.*" Page 165.

Again :—

"*It is possible indeed to prescribe the objective of central bank policy. . . . But the use made of their discretionary*

power . . . must depend on experience and the daily exercise of prescience and a wide discretion. Any great measure of success, indeed, will only be reached as a result of a long process of experiment and evolution." Page 131.

Who would have doubted it?

The Session so Far.

WITH one paragraph on the House of Commons, these notes may be appropriately ended. The main legislative achievements of the session so far have been the production of an unbalanced budget, the provision for an expensive land valuation, to be followed in due course by the imposition of a tax unjust in principle but unremunerative in practice, the amendment of our electoral system by means of the alternative vote, and a bill bearing the paradoxical title of the "Utilization of Land" Bill, which provides for the expenditure of State money on the farming of land proved to be unremunerative under private enterprise. None of these measures were either forecasted or asked for. None of them are wanted by any section of the electorate. There is not one on which even a by-election could be fought with any hope of success. They are not, that is to say, even vote-catching measures. They are typical vote-deterring measures of a type which are becoming increasingly popular with both parties. They reflect the prevalent view of the public that "something must be done" about something, and the prevalent view of the politician that the demand for action is best staved off by doing something about something else.

Correspondence.

WE call the attention of our readers to some particularly illuminating letters in our correspondence columns (preceding these notes) from Professor J. H. Morgan, K.C., Mr. H. G. Wells (the eminent scientist) and Mr. Arnold Lunn.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Socialist Menace

By W. W. Paine

SOCIALISM to most of us is such a vague term, and the ideas which it covers are in many respects so nebulous that we need some definition of what it means as applied to practical politics. The word itself conveys an implication, from which the socialist movement has derived some of its force, that it is concerned with the duties which we all owe to one another as members of a common society, including the obligation to endeavour to bring about an improvement in the status and condition of its poorer and less fortunate members.

In that sense we are all "socialists," for there is no right thinking man who is satisfied with present conditions or who does not feel it a duty to bring about, so far as in him lies, an improvement in the position of our working classes.

But to the professed socialist the word has a very different and a very definite meaning. He thinks that the present distribution of wealth is unfair and that, by a reconstitution of the basis of society as it has existed for centuries past, through State ownership of trade and industry, he can bring about a great improvement in the conditions under which the great majority of the members of that society live; whilst the individualist is convinced that any reconstitution of society on the lines proposed by the socialists is foredoomed from its very nature to failure, and is bound ultimately to make those conditions infinitely worse.

In other words, while he is in agreement with the ideal, he is a total disbeliever in the means by which the socialists propose to attain it.

One of the chief difficulties in the presentation of the case against socialism lies in the fact that many of the less fortunate members of the community, to whom the working of economic laws is something of an enigma, and who are not trained to look beyond the immediate conse-

quences of the proposals submitted to them, not unnaturally regard the opposition to the views so plausibly put before them by the socialist leaders as prompted, in part, at all events, by self-interest.

More and more, working men are led, by their responsible leaders, to regard the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the private individual as a wrong to the community, for they studiously ignore or keep in the background the fact that no man can honestly succeed in industry, and thereby make wealth for himself, without creating, to a very much larger extent, wealth for the community, in which the working classes share, and which brings them prosperity in the shape of employment and wages.

The creation of wealth by honest industry is at all times and in all places a great public service, which, instead of being looked at askance, should be welcomed by every working man, as it is to-day in America, for, apart from the direct employment which it gives, the bulk, at any rate, even of that portion of it which accrues to the individual employer or capitalist must almost of necessity be employed in industry in some form or another, and thereby provides not only additional sources of taxation but also the means of expansion and of further employment for the working classes.

A striking example of this is the career of Henry Ford, who no doubt has amassed a huge fortune for himself, but who in the process of so doing has created profitable employment for over 200,000 of his fellow citizens.

But, as a secondary point lying behind the main objects of socialism, and probably because socialists realize that their methods must fail of success without it, there has arisen in their minds a new conception of the relations between the State and its citizens.

Since the early and primitive days of village communities, existing under conditions which were only possible in a very simple and undeveloped form of society, living

mainly on the land, and are totally inapplicable to modern developments, the State has been conceived as an aggregation of individuals who, in the first instance by personal service, and later by contributions to a common fund in the shape of taxes, provided for their mutual defence and protection by the maintenance of law and order and so on, so that they might pursue their avocations without let or hindrance from outsiders or from one another. In other words, the State was made for the individual and not the individual for the State.

But in the socialist conception this position is reversed, and the individual is only to exist as the servant, and by the sufferance, of the State.

Now the basic fact at the root of this cleavage in the conception of the relations between the State and its citizens is one of human psychology.

The individualist believes—and undoubtedly has history and experience to support him in his belief—that all human progress and all trade and commerce in the modern sense have from the earliest days been due to the initiative and enterprise of a small minority of the citizens of any State, who by superior abilities of some kind or another—whether greater brain power or greater energy, or, it may be, greater thrift—have made new inventions or discoveries or have initiated new avenues and methods of trade and business by which the whole status of the communities to which they belonged, and indeed of the world at large, has been gradually raised. He knows that, if the incentive to the individual to improve the status of himself and his family is removed, and he is to become merely the servant of a vast bureaucracy, such men will either be sterilized or they will seek their fortunes in other countries which offer them greater opportunities.

You will always find that the socialist, while fastening on to the failures and evils of our present system of society, hardly ever alludes to the enormous progress and improvement which have been achieved in the lives

and conditions of what are commonly called " the working classes " under the very system which he denounces. That system, under which the individual reaps advantage from his own superior energy, industry or ability (which is in fact what is now opprobriously termed " the capitalistic system ") has, as I have already said, been the source of all material progress from the very earliest times, but there is no need for proof of this statement to go back more than 200, or even 100, years. Compare the conditions under which, on the average, the peasant or artisan then lived with those in which he lives to-day as regards not merely the necessities but the amenities of life, and consider how and by whom this change has been brought about, and you will find an immense advance, which I am bold enough to say would have been achieved under no other system—certainly not under socialism as now presented to us.

If anyone replies to this by saying, " What about slum areas and unemployment? " which are, perhaps, the most glaring evils cited by socialists in condemnation of the present system, my answer is that neither evil is caused by or has any necessary connection with the capitalistic system. Slum areas are due entirely to want of foresight and bad administration on the part of our predecessors, which, with a little prescience, could in the past easily have been guarded against, and are capable of gradual remedy to-day without any alteration in the system itself.

Unemployment again is not the outcome of the capitalistic system, but is due to a variety of causes. First among these I put the action of the trade unions in imposing a whole series of rules and regulations upon labour which have largely destroyed our power to compete in foreign markets. In their rigid and inelastic character these have gone far beyond what was reasonably necessary to protect the working man and his standard of living against his exploitation at the hands of unreasonable employers.

Next the fixing of wages, especially in the sheltered occupations, at a higher rate than trade and industry can bear.

Thirdly the constant disputes between capital and labour and strikes, which, both before and since the war, have not only wasted hundreds of millions of wealth, but have also lost us a considerable part of the world markets upon which we depend for our exports.

Fourthly, the Great War itself, which by the virtual destruction of at least 30,000 millions of capital which ought to have been applied to productive purposes, has definitely set back the whole economic progress of the world by the reduction of purchasing power.

Unemployment has been further increased in the last two years by the manner in which the problem has been handled by our present socialist Government, who, because they are afraid of alienating the votes of the unemployed and of their supporters in Parliament, have lacked the courage to deal with it in the only way in which it can effectively be dealt with, and are at the same time impoverishing the industries of this country by the excessive burden of taxation for social services.

The difference between socialism and communism is rather one of method and degree than of principle. Their ultimate objective is much the same.

Whilst I am as far as the poles are asunder from agreeing with their views, or thinking that anything but disaster can result from them to any western nation, I believe that the plans of the communists, from their point of view, face the situation more honestly and are at the same time based upon a more logical foundation than those of the socialists.

For the socialists are professed gradualists, and their plan therefore involves the working side by side for a considerable period of the two systems—the present system which they call capitalism, and the new system which they advocate and of which the basis is the gradual nationalization of trade and industry. In the meantime,

as Mr. Snowden long ago pointed out, they can carry out, and they are now engaged upon carrying out, a very large part of their objects through the instrument of taxation, by using that instrument not, as it has heretofore been used, for national purposes, but for the benefit of one class of the people at the expense of another class, by means of the redistribution of wealth.

We see this process in full operation to-day when we are spending over 360 millions a year (as against about 60 millions in 1913), on social services, the bulk of which is provided by the 2,250,000 people who are the payers of income tax and surtax, and upon whom in the main falls the burden of estate duties, stamp duties, motor licences and other taxes, and when in constantly increasing measure the rest of the community is being relieved of taxation.

I have not space in the present article to discuss in detail the justification or absence of justification for the various items of social expenditure, or their economic or psychological effect upon the nation. Many of them, such, for example, as expenditure on public health, can be justified on the ground that they are for the benefit not only of a particular class, but of the community as a whole, and it is not easy to define the precise point at which social expenditure ceases to be for a really national object and becomes a burden imposed upon the owners of property for the benefit of the so-called working classes. But it can quite safely be said that that point has long since been reached and passed, and that much of our social expenditure to-day is simply and avowedly devised as a means for the redistribution of wealth.

In other words, under our present constitution the majority have the power, and are using that power through the forms of law, to utilize for their own benefit and advantage the property of those who happen to be better off than themselves.

Herein then lies, so it seems to me, the essential fallacy of the whole socialist plan; for it involves, as I have said, the working together of two wholly incom-

patible systems. The existing, or capitalist system, is based, and in the history of the world has always been based, upon the sanctity and security of private property. The socialists, while paying lip-service to that sanctity, are prepared to use the powers of the majority in a democracy to legislate in such a way that private property is deprived of any security excepting such as the majority may decide to be for their own benefit.

It is impossible to work the existing system upon that basis, for it deprives trade and industry of all security and of capital, which is one of the essentials of all production, and means their inevitable ruin under that system before there is any other system in readiness to take its place.

The leaders of the Russian revolution were fully alive to this, and one cannot help thinking that the sympathy which has always been shown to them by our own socialists and the complacency with which they have always regarded the ghastly tragedies of that revolution, are due to their subconscious realization that it is only by such means that their own objects can be carried into effect.

The conclusion then is that socialism, as a system which seeks to combine the nationalization of trade and industry and the use of taxation as a means of redistribution of wealth, with the recognition of private property in the sense in which that has hitherto been understood, has never been clearly thought out and is absolutely unworkable, and can only bring ruin upon the country, including the very class of people whom it is designed to benefit.

Upon those, therefore, who believe that in the maintenance of our existing system lies the only hope for the future prosperity of our country and of our people as a whole, including our working classes, there lies a clear duty to save the nation from the disaster which we believe must inevitably follow the introduction of socialism.

Under our existing constitution, which was never designed to meet the present position, there is, as I have said, nothing to prevent a temporary majority in the House of Commons from appropriating by means of taxation for the supposed benefit of their supporters the entire property of the minority.

Democracy must be saved from itself and we sorely need an amendment of our Constitution which will provide proper safeguards against a revolutionary overthrow of the system under which every civilized state has lived and progressed for thousands of years. We must also get back to the sound old principle that people, whilst in receipt of uncovenanted relief from the State, shall be deprived of votes, for it is obviously demoralizing both to them and to the leaders of political parties that they should be tempted to bribe electors by the promise of continuance or increase of relief at the expense of the State.

In the face of one of the greatest internal perils which our country has ever seen we seem merely to be drifting under leadership which apparently has not the courage to face these facts or to advocate the reforms which are necessary to deal with them effectively.

It is upon whether that courage will now be shown that, in my judgment, the whole future of this great country hangs.

Ballade and Invocation to Villon

By J. B. Morton

THERE was a tavern long ago
Where Villon and his ruffians lay,
To shelter from the blinding snow,
And cheat the prison for a day;
Here, with his strange, dark soul at bay,
While the storm rocked the rotten door,
He wrote before the East was grey
A ballade for a man to roar.

The modern ballade—what a show!
It limps along in disarray—,
An image pinched from so-and-so,
A line that's like a lump of clay,
The rhyme and reason gone astray,
The whole thing mouldy to the core;
Will no one write for love or pay,
A ballade for a man to roar?

Villon, you little starveling crow,
Who taught the cutthroats how to pray,
Lean down and laugh at us, and know
We are too priggish to be gay,
And when we writers start to bray
Our tiny choruses once more,
Return, and launch into the fray
A ballade for a man to roar.

ENVOI.

Prince of the ballade-makers, say,
What is the gift of singing for?
O teach me, if you cross my way,
A ballade for a man to roar.

The Limits of Fascism

By J. D. Gregory

THE evolution in Mussolini's conception of the relation which his ideal State should bear to religion has been described in his various biographies, particularly in that by Signora Sarfatti; but at what exact period he determined to proceed to a comprehensive agreement with the Vatican has still to be revealed. Certain it is that within the first four years of the Regime, that is to say, well into 1926, he was still doubtful whether he would be able to carry with him the old guard of Nationalists, who had been among his first effective supporters. The men of the "Idea Nazionale," who in 1915 had driven ahead with their interventionist propaganda and had been largely instrumental in bringing Italy into the War, were mostly converts from the old political parties, of whom the great majority were of anti-clerical complexion. Their prejudices were strong enough to lead them to view with suspicion any *rapprochement* between the Government, which they now so strongly supported, and the Holy See.

Nor can the ecclesiastical outlook of the parliamentary groups have failed to reflect the mentality of the country at large. For years the municipal government of Rome had been in the hands of the Mayor Nathan, who had taken every opportunity, with little protest from the mass of the population, of reviling the Papacy. On every anniversary of the burning of Giordano Bruno, an anti-clerical crowd had paraded in demonstration under the very walls of the Vatican. There had, in fact, been no notable change since the Risorgimento, until the rise and post-war success of Don Sturzo and the Partito Popolare, and even this success was only sectional.

The country, taken as a whole, showed no intense attachment to organized religion, as compared, for instance, with Catholic Germany or Holland. Wayside shrines, pious paintings on the walls of houses, village

processions added colour to the general picturesqueness. But, as a rule, the village churches were attended mainly by women, the town churches by indifferent congregations, and many of the great cathedrals not at all, except for an occasional function. There were, broadly speaking, exceptions to this rule in the Piedmontese and Lombard districts, where there was pronounced religious activity, charitable and intellectual, while in the South there was a Christianized paganism, venting itself in a passionate desire for miracles to protect its temporal interests, such as crops, and in a materialized saint-cultus.

With the advent of Pius X, a vigorous reform was instituted among clergy and laity and in ecclesiastical usage, and his two successors had worked with increasing zeal, until the condition of the Church in Italy has become visibly transformed. It was doubtless on the basis of this reform and on the revivification of religious sentiment in many parts of the kingdom, particularly the North, that Don Sturzo was able to draw so much material on which to build his new party.

But it must be clear that, even so, only a small minority can have been affected in so short a time by the new movement. A country of forty millions cannot be evangelized in less than thirty years. No really fundamental or substantial difference can have been produced in the general Italian outlook towards religion. At all periods of their history the Italians have treated it in much the same way. The externals have appealed to the majority; the substance to a minority only. Taken as a whole the people have always been ready to subordinate religious to political interests, while below the surface and often above, rationalism has persisted without much variation.

Mussolini's motives therefore were mainly Napoleonic when he determined to make the State recognition of the Church a feature of his Regime, firstly, by the restoration of the crucifix to schools and public buildings, and

finally, by the "Conciliazione" with the Vatican. For the sake of the public weal, the policy in itself may have much to be said for it, but the consequences in both religious and political spheres are bound to involve grave disadvantages in the long run to both, especially in the modern era. The "*mot d'ordre*" that all and sundry, orthodox and free thinkers alike, are to conform to religious observances breeds a falseness, which inevitably ends in reaction.

The actual attacks on the Catholic clubs appear to have been, in the first instance, spontaneous. One of the worse features of modern Fascism is the emergence, on any pretext, of bands of undisciplined black-shirted youths, belonging to various organizations, who, travelling long distances, in overcrowded lorries, to parades or demonstrations, make the countryside hideous by their noisy exuberance. They are entirely uncontrolled: either no officers accompany them, or they do not attempt to keep them in order. These youths, like most others, are out for a "rag" of some kind. It is a natural joy to be able to give vent to their animal spirits by wrecking something—it does not matter what.

That, at a given moment, they should turn their attention to the Catholic clubs proves, however, that hostility to the latter must have been systematically fostered from above for a considerable period. The distinct wave of renewed anti-clericalism that ran through the streets and bars, if not actually instigated, must have had an official or semi-official origin. Without permission the "Lavoro Fascista" could hardly have carried on its persistent campaign against the clubs. Without the same permission, the kiosks could hardly have displayed anti-clerical caricatures, reminiscent of the days of the "Asino." Anti-Papal pamphlets had come into circulation for the first time with impunity.

It is intelligible that some irritation should have been caused to the extreme theoreticians of Fascism by the existence of the clubs. Many of the men, who had

originally joined the Partito Popolare, had done so on religious rather than on political grounds, and, when the party was forcibly dissolved, these men found their way, as would be supposed, into the Catholic clubs. Whether they were one and all discreet, or whether here and there a criticism of the Fascist Regime crept into their utterances, is impossible to determine. Charges and *démentis* succeeded one another in the usual manner. In many cases, however, members of the Catholic clubs were simultaneously members of Fascist organizations; but this has now been formally forbidden by the Government. Yet, that it was the firm purpose of the Pope and the bishops that the Azione Cattolica should rigidly confine its activities to the religious sphere is certain. The popular attack on the clubs was, as is well known, followed by their closing by the police, and a refusal of the Government to allow their re-opening, accompanied, however, by a promise to punish the rowdies. There can be little doubt, therefore, that, if the attack was not planned, the Regime had long since made up its mind to dissolve the clubs at the earliest opportunity.

The Government's action led to immediate counter-action by the Vatican, which promptly forbade all forms of religious manifestations and processions throughout the land, and cancelled the appointment of a Cardinal Legate to the Saint Antony anniversary celebrations at Padua, thereby robbing them of their lustre and so inflicting serious financial loss on the city and even the country as a whole. There followed an acrimonious exchange of diplomatic notes, and finally on June 29, the Pope launched an encyclical, couched in language reminiscent of Innocent III, protesting before the world against the attitude of the Italian Government.

The kernel of this vehement pronouncement is contained in a single passage, where it is declared to be utterly incompatible with Christian teaching "for a party, for a government, to claim complete, full and exclusive control of youth from earliest childhood to

ripe old age, and this on the basis of a theory which manifestly results in an actual and real deification of the State in a pagan sense, and which directly infringes the natural rights of the family no less than the supernatural rights of the Church." There is, indeed, in this respect, little to choose between the Fascist and Bolshevik conceptions of education.

From this flows the highly debatable question of the Fascist oath, which imposes on boys and girls a blind obedience to the Regime and carries with it the more or less implied condition of employment as a consequence. The oath, as it stands, without any reservation in matters of conscience, is henceforth forbidden by the Holy See. But the Pope urges the Party to render it unobjectionable by a slight modification; and it can hardly be beyond the wit of modern political man, so enamoured of formulas, to find a way out of this particular difficulty.

For the rest, the interest of the encyclical, which is obviously written by the Pope himself, lies in its exposure of the Fascist case. A man whose life, as is well known and as he stresses, has been mainly spent in libraries, is an expert in criticizing documents and weighing evidence. Moreover he can hardly afford to publish inaccuracies to an only partially sympathetic world.

The statement of fact is most damaging to the Fascist case. The encyclical asserts that there are only four members of the old Partito Popolare who hold leading positions in the Azione Cattolica: and this in a total of 250 committees, 4,000 groups of men and 5,000 young men's clubs. Further, it is laughable, the encyclical contends, to perceive a menace to the security of the State in the 10,000 feminine associations, which have been suppressed with the others; and, to wit, of the half million members of these associations, only 220,000 are regular members, 100,000 being young "aspirants" and more than 150,000 still younger "Benjamins."

The outrages on religion connected with the suppres-

sion of the clubs are also enumerated, and the indignities offered to the Holy See in the Fascist case, including the reference to it as a "Foreign Power," are exposed at length. Even the anti-Catholic Bismarck (though he is not specifically named) declined to characterize the Papacy as a "Foreign Power."

To these charges and demands the Fascist Government have so far returned no effective or reasoned reply. To the public misfortune, the dispute remains open and even more acute than hitherto. Report has had it that, on the one side, the Government may denounce the Concordat, and that, on the other, the Holy Office will come into action with its heavy guns of formal condemnations and excommunications. But this would mean the letting loose of an open Kulturkampf, and, in the already confused condition of Europe, neither side can lightheartedly contemplate such an outcome.

What then is the root cause of the Fascist hostility to the Catholic clubs? And why has it become suddenly manifested with so much violence only in the ninth year of the Fascist Regime? The official explanation is that, given the sternly unitary or so-called totalitarian character of the Fascist State, no deviation of any kind is permissible.

It is only two years since the Lateran Treaties were signed, whereby, under the Concordat, far-reaching privileges were granted to the Church. By Article 43 the existence of the Azione Cattolica was specially secured. The Fascist authorities must have been perfectly well aware at the time that the relics of the Partito Popolare had found their way into its ranks. They also knew that, of all the Pope's interests, the Azione Cattolica lay nearest his heart. Pius XI conceived long before his Pontificate that only by a lay apostolate can religion be preserved and promoted in the youth and the industrial classes, and it is to re-evangelize the world through the medium of this "Catholic Action" in all countries that he has directed his chief reforming energies. To strike

at his most cherished organization was therefore to deal him a vital blow. The fact that millions from all over the world telegraphed their sympathy proved that this was universally recognized.

It is necessary to look beyond the official explanation of the Italian Government.

Recent travellers in Italy have not failed to observe increased official vigilance and control in matters affecting the movements and liberty of the individual. If the regulations have not been actually stiffened, they are enforced with greater rigour. The most out-of-the-way frontiers bristle with bayonets. Passports are not merely scrutinized for half an hour or more on arrival in the country, but are constantly examined again in the interior by Fascist outposts. Roads are patrolled by innumerable Carabinieri and Alpini. Domiciliary police visits are frequent, and the Questura in every town busies itself day in day out with eternal filling up of forms. Censorship of books has been tightened up, and it is difficult to bring foreign books into the country. All this may or may not be necessary for the security of the Regime. But it is bound to impress the foreigner with a feeling that the Regime is uneasy about the maintenance of its unitary character.

There is also another explanation for the renewed divergence between the aims of Church and State, which is, in fact, suggested in the encyclical itself. In the beginning Fascism declared open war on Socialism and Freemasonry—which was in fact its initial *raison d'être*. It suppressed both and drove out their adherents. After a while the latter re-entered by the back door. They quietly transformed themselves into faithful Fascists and joined the ranks of the Party. How far their conversion on the main principle was genuine, it is clearly impossible to estimate. But their influence on the Party was bound, sooner or later, to make itself felt; and in one respect, namely, their anti-clericalism, not essentially incompatible with their new creed, they could

probably count on a more or less free hand. Whether the actual leaders of the Party have fallen under their influence can but be a matter of conjecture. But it is fair to infer that it has been a contributory cause of the recent outbreak.

The root cause of the conflict must, however, be sought in the underlying nature of Fascism itself. Since the Fascist State was formed, the Roman Imperial idea has been steadily growing, and is moving in a direction that is by no means new in Italian history. On all occasions, when the Italian people have felt a new urge of life within them, whether during the Renaissance or the Risorgimento, the sense of past greatness has vigorously manifested itself. The native cult of antiquity has never failed to set in glaring contrast the ideals of Christianity and Paganism. It has indisputably revived in strong colours under modern Fascism. State-worship has become a Fascist dogma: Mussolini, a barely disguised Imperator, to whom incense is offered in and out of season. There is a danger of Fascism overriding the great benefits which it has conferred on the country and losing its head.

Against such a theory of government the Church is bound to protest, as it has always protested throughout its turbulent history. The whole conception of the primacy of the spiritual is no doubt a matter for discussion. The problem of discerning what belongs to Cæsar and what does not remains eternal. The line between religion and politics is thin, and any and every church must and does lay claim to a certain *potestas indirecta*. The fact only remains that the friction between Church and State arises, now as ever, at every stage and in every form, and nowhere more acutely than where ethical divergences are seemingly narrow. The tragedy is that, in this present quarrel between the two in Italy, both are fundamentally aiming at stemming a common danger to humanity. It is the realization of a common ideal alone that can bring a disastrous conflict to an end. The Papacy is careful not to condemn

Fascism as such: Fascism still officially holds to the recognition of religion. But in this principle of the education of youth the Church is inflexible, and it is therefore essential that the Fascist Government should, before it is too late, come to an amicable agreement with the Church. The alternative is undoubtedly in the long run another Canossa, with, as an inevitable result, the weakening of the common front against the onslaught of Communism.

The Memorial

By Edmund Blunden

AS in an elegy black Vesper holds
This flowering vale of waters; wisely folds
The quick particulars of each known place
In broad solemnities of swathing grace.
The passion, incident and badge of day
Now merge into one monumental gray,
Though still melodious instancy returns
At intervals to tell us what she mourns,
As thus the sun, far ridden in clifts and shadows,
With thrilling signal kindles warm green meadows,
And gives, bright memory, some clear verse of day's
Illustrious chronicle. Again they blaze,
The sculptured landmarks and the throne-like trees,
And earth's true loves, farms, garners, cottages.
These echoes melt, the rose-light changes; pure
Sounds the dimittis, more profound and sure;
O mercy's masterpiece that proves man just
To speak no word but beauty's over mortal dust.

Leaves from an Eastern Notebook

By "Nomad"

No. I.—Circumstantial Evidence

FOR the purposes of this narrative, the career of Wang-Ho may be said to have started at the eating-house of which he was proprietor in the China Town of New York, and had he been content to confine himself to the culinary art which he undoubtedly possessed, this story would never have been written. But the introduction of certain side-lines, with that lack of discretion which was ultimately to prove Wang-Ho's undoing, attracted the attention of the police to such an extent that the Chinaman only anticipated by a few hours a well-conducted raid upon his premises which revealed merely the fact that the proprietor had sought pastures new, taking with him the by no means inconsiderable proceeds of his tenancy.

Those British cargo steamers which carry on the trade of the Persian Gulf include among their crews a Chinese carpenter, who is invariably known as "John," but when the date season is at its height and cargoes are being sent direct from the Gulf to American ports, the attractions of New York's China Town are apt to outweigh "John's" devotion to his employers and so it was not a matter of great difficulty for Wang-Ho to replace a missing carpenter in the S.S. *Enzeli*, homeward bound. He went about his duties in a quiet and reasonably efficient manner, for, if not a highly-skilled workman, he was handy with tools and had often knocked up such things as shelving and simple furniture in his erstwhile restaurant. And so, when the *Enzeli* steamed once more down London River, heading East again, most of the same crew were on board, including Wang-Ho.

To the intense annoyance of her Master, who strongly objected to his ship being, as he put it, "turned into a collier," the cargo of the *Enzeli* included some fifteen

hundred tons of coal for the Naval dump at the port of El Jereza.

El Jereza is not a health resort. Cut off from the interior of Arabia by a rocky mountain barrier, it has an evil reputation for malaria and extreme heat. Its narrow, insanitary alleys reveal but little in the way of trade and its importance lies in its small but excellent harbour and the fact of its being the capital of one of the independent States which girdle the Arabian coast, albeit the Sheikh's writ may not run over-far in his somewhat turbulent dominions and a towered city wall and solid gateway proclaim the necessity for defence against raiders who, from time to time, come down from the desert beyond the hills.

There was nothing much for Wang-Ho to do on board the *Enzeli* during the wearisome business of discharging coal into an insufficient fleet of lighters and he had obtained permission to spend a few hours ashore.

He had wandered rather aimlessly through the city streets. He had exchanged a few words with several Indian shopkeepers and gazed unmoved at the massive gate of the Sheikh's palace and the square white building above which hung limply the folds of the Union Jack which marked the British Consulate. He had decided to return to his ship, in spite of the coal dust, when he noticed that low water had laid bare the narrow causeway connecting the mainland with the towering, isolated rock on which stands the ancient fort, now used as a prison, together with a wide expanse of rocks beyond.

He had crossed the causeway and was picking his way over the low-lying rocks, when his attention was attracted by something which moved in a pool at his feet. He bent down to look more closely and almost started as he recognized in the object a *bêche-de-mer*.

There are several varieties of sea-slug, all equally repulsive to a white man, but constituting, none the less, an established and valuable luxury trade in many parts of the world.

Wang-Ho's culinary interest was re-awakened by this discovery. He moved slowly along the rocks looking carefully into every pool and never failing to find specimens which, in a suitable restaurant, would have been worth their weight, if not in gold, at least in very desirable coin.

Wang-Ho retraced his steps and sought again one of the shopkeepers with whom he had previously had some conversation. A few questions sufficed. *Bêches-de-mer* swarmed at El Jereza, not only in the harbour, but for a considerable distance along the coast. No, the inhabitants did not eat them, nor collect them for any purpose.

Wang-Ho returned to his ship deep in thought. There appeared to be a little gold mine here. But how to work it? That was the question.

* * * * *

By the time the *Enzeli* had reached Basra, Wang-Ho had decided upon his plan of campaign and a fortnight later, by the judicious use of *bakshish*, had slipped quietly down the Shatt-el-Arab in an ocean-going *dhow* bound for El Jereza some twenty-four hours before the *Enzeli* cast off, once more minus a carpenter and with the master's views on Chinamen more pyrotechnic than ever.

On reaching his destination, Wang-Ho made his way to the house of Ram Dass, his Indian shopkeeper friend, who was nothing loth to add a trifle to his income by providing him with lodging. It was Wang-Ho's intention to spend a few days in acquiring local knowledge and then, by taking Ram Dass into his confidence on mutually satisfactory terms, to obtain a base of operations and a suitable *dhow* for the promising *bêche-de-mer* trade which he hoped to develop.

The population of El Jereza is decidedly mixed, but a Chinaman is a rarity, and it was not surprising, therefore, to find that Wang-Ho quickly became a topic of conversation at the concourse of gossips who squatted on

their hunkers each evening at the edge of the foreshore to take the air and hear the news.

Wang-Ho's baggage was limited to a canvas bag containing clothing and other personal effects and a small, but strongly-made box, heavily clamped with iron bands and securely padlocked. In this, unknown to anyone, he carried the capital for his venture.

Ram Dass not unnaturally became a person of some importance, as befitted one who was Wang-Ho's landlord and knew most about the stranger in their midst, and in his anxiety to justify his position he may not have shown the discretion dictated by wisdom in describing the mysterious box.

However that may have been, Ram Dass arose from his flat roof one morning to find Wang-Ho lying on his back with a ghastly grin upon his face and his throat slit from ear to ear, while in the house below, the box stood open and empty, with the padlock still holding the key taken from its owner's body.

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There was no police force in El Jereza, the maintenance of order depending upon the Sheikh's bodyguard at the palace and the Indian guard on the British Consulate. It was to the latter that Ram Dass fled in wide-eyed horror and poured out his tale to the *havildar* on duty.

The latter, realizing that such an event was quite out of the common in the city itself, whatever might be said of the country in general, immediately sent half a dozen men under a *naik* to close all approaches to Ram Dass's house and reported the matter to the Consul.

Major Battersby, who combined the duties of Consul with those of Political Officer at El Jereza, was one of the three white men in the city. Dr. Rolt, an American medical missionary, was normally his only companion, but, at the moment, he had staying with him Colonel Evans, another "Political," with a wide experience

of the Middle East, both professionally and as an explorer.

The three men went together to Ram Dass's house and it took but a short time to reconstruct the crime. The murderer had climbed to the flat roof of the house, which was about twelve feet from the ground. He had then killed his sleeping victim by a method only too obvious and dropped back on to the soft sand beneath. An open window showed his mode of entry and after rifling the box by means of the stolen key, he had fled by the door, which he had left unfastened.

There was no weapon, nor clue of any kind until Evans examined the ground outside the house. There, clearly and deeply outlined in the sand, were the imprints of the murderer's bare feet where he had dropped from the roof, and in the very centre of one of them was a sharp, jagged stone surrounded by a small patch of dry blood.

"Look here, Battersby," said Evans, "I'm only here by accident and this is your show, but of course I'll help you in any way I can. What have you done, so far?"

"Well," replied Battersby, "directly my *havildar* called me up, and before sending for you and Rolt, I ordered the city gate to be kept shut. There has been a sentry on it ever since and the walls have been patrolled. Unless the man had already got out when Ram Dass found the body, I don't think he could have done so since."

"What about the Sheikh?" asked Rolt.

"He's away. As you know, he's had several goes of fever lately and he went off up the coast three days ago for a change. He won't be back for a fortnight at least."

"Who runs the palace when he's away?" said Evans.

"Nadir Khan, his *Wazir*. He's a Baluchi—a splendid fellow I've told him and he'll do anything I want. But what do you suggest? You've had ever so much more experience of this sort of thing than I have."

"Well," said Evans, "it's quite clear that when the

murderer dropped from the roof, he landed on this jagged stone and cut the sole of his foot pretty badly. Ram Dass found the body about four o'clock, just as it was getting light, and Rolt says he hadn't been dead more than two hours That gives very little time for anyone to get over the city walls, with what must have been a pretty heavy load, and get any distance away without being noticed, especially as he was probably going a bit short on his injured foot. I think it is more likely that he hid the booty somewhere in the city and means to get away with it later. If I am right, we ought to examine the feet of every man straight away. How many are there?"

"Couldn't say, off-hand," replied Battersby, "but I don't think the total population can be more than a few thousand. I suppose two-thirds, at least, are women and children and a lot of men are away picking dates at present."

"Right! Tell Nadir Khan what we propose and issue the necessary orders *ek dum*. You and he had better keep out of things at present, because you'll have to act as judge and jury later on, if we get our man."

"Pleasant prospect!" remarked Battersby.

"Never mind. Rolt and I will do the examination part. We'd better do it publicly on the foreshore. It's half-past five now. Can you have everything ready for us to start, say, at eight?"

"Yes, I think so. Everyone knows by now that there's something up, and the city is closed."

"Very well. Now, you shove along and Rolt and I will deal with the evidence."

In the course of his unofficial wanderings, Evans was wont to bear in mind the interests of anthropologists and many of his skull and other measurements had proved of considerable scientific value. He now produced a pair of callipers, scaled to measure down to a one-thousandth part of an inch, and with these he plotted, with the utmost care, on a large sheet of paper, the

measurements of the footprints, showing in the one the exact position and size of the wound.

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At eight o'clock there began on the foreshore what must surely have been one of the strangest proceedings on record. At one end of the open space, with an armed guard behind them, sat Evans and Rolt at a small bare table, while before them, in circle after squatting circle, sat the male population of El Jereza. Beyond them again was a line of sentries.

The procedure was swift and simple. As the men reached the table, coming up two by two, they lay down on their backs and rested their heels upon the edge so that the soles of their feet faced towards the two white men. As each scrutiny was completed, its subjects rose and held out their left hands to an orderly, who deposited in the palm a liberal splash of green paint, borrowed from some recent decorative efforts at the Consulate, and, armed with this badge of freedom, the men passed outside the ring of guards.

And so, beneath the blazing sun, the hours passed. At frequent intervals water-carriers passed down the ranks and at mid-day *chupattis* and dates were distributed, for Battersby and Nadir Khan had not been idle and had realized that they could afford to take no risks of discontent *en masse*.

Some sandwiches and soda were sent from the Consulate for Evans and Rolt when the other food was distributed and so their task went on without intermission.

By four o'clock, barely 100 men remained inside the guard. Of these, one was Hassan, a Nubian slave belonging to one of the Sheikh's wives. Together with his companion, he approached the table and raised his feet towards Evans.

Loosely bound round the right instep was a dirty, bloodstained rag which, when removed, revealed a jagged open wound on the sole of the foot.

"I think we've got him," said Evans quietly to Rolt, "but we must finish off the others and question him later."

A word to the *havildar* and Hassan hobbled off under escort to the guardroom of the Consulate.

Another hour saw the end of the day's work and Evans and Rolt, weary, hot and deadly stiff, walked slowly away from the empty foreshore.

Arrived at the Consulate, they informed Battersby and Nadir Khan of the result of their labours, and the latter returned to the palace to obtain all the information possible about Hassan. A close examination of the latter's feet confirmed all suspicions. The measurements tallied in every detail with the prints found in the sand, as did the position of the wound, which Rolt pronounced to be quite freshly made.

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Next day Hassan appeared before Battersby and Nadir Khan, while Evans and Rolt reverted to the *rôle* of witnesses. Robbery alone might have been the motive, but another palace slave told how Hassan had more than once declared himself weary of service in El Jereza and ready, at the first opportunity, to buy his freedom and return to his own country.

Hassan's defence was a complete denial. The foot measurements were coincidence. He had cut his foot a week previously when out on the hillside, which, according to Rolt, was impossible, considering the state of the wound. The other slave's evidence was untrue. He had spent the previous night in the palace, but in the absence of the Sheikh and his *entourage* the inner guards had been temporarily withdrawn and exit from the slaves' quarters was comparatively easy to anyone knowing the building. He could call no one to support either his statements or denials and, on the evidence before them, the judges had no choice but to find him guilty of murder. The full facts were sent by special messenger to the Sheikh for

approval or otherwise and there was nothing left but to wait for his reply.

"I hope to God we're right," said Battersby that night, after dinner, as the three white men sat discussing the events of the day.

"Don't worry," said Evans, "I don't think there is the slightest doubt about it and in your place I should have come to the same conclusion."

Three days later came the Sheikh's reply, approving the action taken and confirming the sentence of death.

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A sultry, breathless dawn saw the population of El Jereza assembled once again on the foreshore, facing the spot where the examination had taken place. Half an hour previously, Battersby, with two armed guards, had visited the prison and informed Hassan that his time had come and adjured him to make peace with whatever God he knew.

Hassan had replied that in his lifetime he had feared neither God, nor man, nor devil, and saw no reason for doing so in death. Sullen and defiant to the end, he merely reiterated his innocence.

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A murmur ran through the crowd behind the line of sentries as Hassan, heavily shackled, and surrounded by an escort, walked slowly across the open space to the foot of the heights which bounded it.

With his back to the rock, he waved aside the handkerchief with which it was sought to bind his eyes and, lifting up his voice, cried to the firing-party only to shoot swiftly and shoot straight.

This last request, at all events, was acceded to and Hassan fell forward on his face, to meet again, perchance, in the Great Beyond, the soul of his victim, Wang-Ho, Chinaman.

The Country Parson*

By R. H. Mottram.

JAMES WOODFORDE is dead, everyone knows that—or can if they wish to. There, in Weston Church a mural tablet has set forth the fact, with touching tribute, these one hundred and twenty-eight years. What immortality he had of his first—his mortal decease—we do not feel so certain as he perhaps would have done. But by one of those curious decrees we attribute to Fortune nowadays, but of which we have never yet succeeded in proving a possible and more deliberate—a holy origin—he, quietest and most obscure of men, has had a special, and a most spectacular immortality. He kept a diary. It does not appear to have been shown to a mortal soul. He seems to have kept it for his own satisfaction, and nowhere lays claim to any certainty that God was looking over his shoulder and reading what he put down. So much so, that, from time to time, when he felt it necessary, short prayers—little more than detached sentences of aspiration—are addressed to the Deity. And when, lately, the MSS was placed in the appreciative hands of Mr. John Beresford, it was a piece of evidence of the very finest kind as to a particular side of English life embracing forty-two years of the eighteenth and two of the nineteenth century. Indeed, it is almost overpowering, not at first easily credible, that such a perfectly preserved specimen of clerical rural life should exist to call up for us the shades of a time that are so completely overlaid by all that has happened since, and one may well feel that the Diary has grown upon, almost possessed Mr. Beresford, who occasionally edits with a scorn of the later centuries and devotion to the period that would argue, in any man less sane, some project of turning us back across the laden years to the state of things pictured in the Diary.

And we may well wish that it might be possible for Mr. Beresford to do so. The beautifully simple oval

* "The Diary of a Country Parson." By Rev. James Woodforde. Edited by John Beresford. Vol. V. (Oxford University Press, 12s. 6d.)

monument that Niece Nancy put up in Weston Church might stand, though the good creature did not know it, as a symbol of that time, a time soon doomed to pass away. In spite of the date of the Reverend Gentleman's decease being just in the third year of the nineteenth century, his life and his monument belong to the eighteenth. The quality which one catches in him and it, the predominant quality, is *certainty*. He might be ill, he might be frightened, he might be hurt or annoyed. But he didn't doubt. His tablet has the same crystal-hard finality. It is not vainglorious or expansive, but it is extremely permanent. Wherein lies the great source of strength that was his, and which is the thing really commemorated in the two or three brief sentences on the stone that tell us of him?

Certainty has been indicated, but how was that certainty founded? One is obliged to conclude that it was dyked about with limitation. By birth, education, station, environment, James Woodforde was king of the little world he lived in, from which he occasionally departed, but only to show how set in marble (like his tablet) were the rules of his life. If he went to Norwich, if, in earlier years, he went on to London in order to visit his Somersetshire relatives, he *took his certainty with him.*

That is the cardinal point about Parson Woodforde's communing with himself in this Diary. He belonged to the century that had settled everything, whose architecture we still copy, whose prose we would copy if we could, whose pictures are among the most admired, whose music is still unequalled. But most important of all, he belonged to the English Eighteenth Century. For in all other countries, the eighteenth century found itself out. Thomas Paine, who lived within thirty miles of the Parson, had been largely instrumental in freeing and establishing the United States, had then been elected a member of the Convention that met in Paris, and helped the French Revolution. But Paine's revolutionary attempts in his own country nearly cost him his liberty, and per-

haps, would have cost him his life. That was because of the large percentage of Woodforde in the make-up of the English character. The Parson was not an ignorant man. He heard all about the American and French Revolutions. He even had a victim of the former come a-begging to his door, and gave her 1s., a mynce pie, and some beer. But the notion that Josh Smith his clerk, Briton his man, Nancy his niece, and all the rest of them, should want to be consulted in the management of their affairs, never dawned on him or them. He had the extraordinary luck to die without being disturbed in his vision of the Universe. Bonaparte was already a menace, but Nelson and Jervis and Harvey and Duncan, held him at arm's length. Even the Mutiny at the Nore was stamped out. Safe and self-complete, Parson Woodforde and all his sort, his servants and villagers, lived in their island amid a tottering world. And continued to do so. In never mind how many countries it had been discovered that, in spite, possibly because of the conclusiveness of the eighteenth century, the world would go on changing. But not in England. Parson Woodforde died in a little country, without a friend in the world, which was engaged in a struggle more deadly than any which was to threaten it until 1914. He recked very little of the fact. He had been dead twenty years before it was discovered that the economic consequences of Peace were far more deadly in effect and vexatious to deal with than the risks of war. He had been dead twenty-seven before the Reform Bill, No, he was effectively eighteenth century.

He had, however, also his geographical, as well as his chronological dimension. He was a parish priest, but extremely rarely called by that designation. Had you gone to Weston any time during those years and asked for him, you would have been told that the " Reverend Gentleman " was out coursing, or at home dining or occupied in whatever way you please. That cannot be too strongly insisted upon. James Woodforde would have differed less from the priests of other religions had

he been a nonconformist. Some sort of schism affects every religion in the world. Parson Woodforde was not a schismatic. He was a priest, the head of whose church was the King. You can see it in every fibre of his being. He had nothing in common with his villagers, nor could any amount of ordination have made one of them as he was. Read what he himself says about the young gentlemen who applied to be his curates, and you see his own conception of his office.

The Reverend Gentleman is the hardest of all our cryptic island types to explain to other nations. Everyone in Europe knows what a priest is like, some believe in him, some do not. But with the Reverend Gentleman, his ordination was not the most important point. Josh Smith, and subsequently Thurston "my clerk" have simply no connection with any continental point of view. They looked up to the Reverend Gentleman quite as much because he was a gentleman as because he was Reverend. For the same reason, or mixture of reasons, he associated on quasi-equal terms with the Custances. Mr. Custance might have been worth ten or twenty times as much money. Very likely he was. But there existed between them a bond—which was at the same time a line of demarcation between them and the villagers, travelling trades-people and neighbouring Norwich—made up of the absolutely indefinable untranslatable status called in England that of "a gentleman." What is it? Not birth, both squire and parson were commoners. Education—a little, but not very much. Money, or at least the ownership of property so that neither could be ordered to work by anyone else—the Bishop could conceivably have issued some sort of injunction to the Parson, but never did, being also a gentleman. And more important than anything else, a certain scrupulousness, a certain sense of the things that were *not done* and never could be. This is not to say that everyone who has achieved the status of gentleman never does what is unbecoming or wrong. But that is too positive a view

of Mr. Custance and his Parson. They had a mutual, unwritten, hardly ever alluded to standard of conduct. And when certain people transgressed it——" the boy," by being saucy——Briton, by being drunk——Nancy, by being sulky—but more especially Mr. Cotman, the curate, by such misdemeanour as failing to hold service on Good Friday morning, how deep, how fundamental was the scorn felt—not poured out upon them, for it was well known that in a very short period, those delinquent persons, observing the Squire's and the Parson's standards, would feel how delinquent they had been, and would make amends, or at least return to the path of rectitude.

There, then, just inside the enclosure of the gentlemanly, James Woodforde recorded his life for all those years, and was undisturbed in his faith in the state of things as he knew them.

Now that we have the five volumes of the Diary before us, yet another striking point emerges. The Reverend Gentleman was not destined to be the last of his kind, or to be perpetuated in some harassed and cornered clique, the fate that has overtaken some continental aristocracies. Perhaps just because the Reverend Gentleman did not depend on that kind of privilege, his kind of man was to sustain a gentle and revitalising change, of a sort only possible to the queerly practical compromise which is the real English method of social development and progress, so essentially English that over the Border, or in Ireland, or even in parts of Wales, its movement cannot be traced and would not be understood.

Turn from Woodforde's Diary to the pages of Trollope, and there in fifty years is visible slightly, never violently, but just perceptibly changed, the man Woodforde was. The Parsons of Trollope have shed a little privilege perhaps, become a little more worldly (Woodforde was too assured to bother), are certainly more in touch with the world without, conscious of a power called " the Press " and of another called " Parliament " of which Woodforde took no serious cognizance, as powers. And

to-day, we can look on yet another fifty years further than Trollope, and has the tradition died? Not a bit of it. Parsons have become conscious of economics and sociology and have certainly to work harder and live harder. But there remains to-day, in how many country rectories, the same sort of man, with his university education, his status of gentility, watching over the diminished and altered life of the village, with a species of authority unique in the world. So that on the whole, sternly rejecting that romantic tendency that lies buried not very deep in any of us, which bids us hark back to the Good Old Times, we may rest content that Mr. Beresford cannot spirit us back to Weston in the latter eighteenth century. The attractions of such a retrogression are the very things we ought to be most content to have lost. One of the most marked characteristics of the Diary is its magnificent feeding. How many a reader may not have sighed for the extraordinary capacity, not only of the Parson himself, but of Nancy, his niece, and for their brass-lined digestions. Yet if the matter were in doubt before, it is no longer so when we come to the ultimate volume recently published. The great holocaust of bird, beast and fish was too much in the end. It was a survival from a time when all gentlemen and a good many Reverends went out and hunted their day's dinner. In fact, Woodforde did so. There is the record, often repeated, of Briton or another of his servants, or a neighbour, finding a hare lying up under a hedge, and of the dogs being brought out to course it. And if he did not hunt himself, how many hares and rabbits, pheasants, and partridges, and all the rest of the larder did not Mr. Custance, or his game-keeper, or the neighbours send to him? Nor was he greedy about it, gave freely, witness the distribution of the herrings that Briton bought so cheaply in Norwich. How often did not the old folk dine in his kitchen, his relatives at his board, his farmers uproariously. Yet the thing was an anachronism. Parson Woodforde's general habits had moved on, his diet

had not. The poor dependant, or other folk had worked as no-one works nowadays, and were subject to scarcity of food during all the later years of the Diary. But the Parson's great dinner had survived from a time of days spent in the saddle, and nights under the table. Port wine and mead—home bottled—helped to disguise the incipient trouble for some time. But, early on, Nancy had begun to fall into a state which we should consider one of chronic ill-health. In the last volume, her Uncle was not very much better. The day came when he could stomach only half a dumpling, and a little later, that on which he recorded: "I hope that I don't eat too much," followed, three days later, by "Rather giddy to-day, I am afraid I eat too much, my appetite being perhaps too great for my health!"

And here appears the particular weakness of that otherwise so attractive village life. For a man living within ten miles of Norwich, Woodforde was extraordinarily isolated. Witness the scare over the suspension of cash payments. The rural population of those days had about the mentality of the average Southern European population up to the time of the War. Precious metals had to be withdrawn from circulation. Parson Woodforde we then see, really belonged to the age before Credit was understood or widely used. Let us not seem to blame him. Weston Parsonage was self-supporting—that is to say, it was Tithe-supported—yet it seems strange that he got himself into such a state about Gurney's notes, which he soon discovered were perfectly good, though he might more justifiably have been suspicious of "Kerrison's" which he was handed on May 12th, 1800. But far beyond this, stands the fact that he was completely out of touch with the knowledge that Consols were nearly a hundred years old and that his country, and certainly his own county had evolved for itself a quite unique and very successful Banking System, at a time when most foreign countries were falling under the sway of predatory money lending. But this isolation of the village

is only an indication of a generally circumscribed outlook. There were good doctors in Norwich, celebrated ones. But Dr. Thorne of Mattishall, having apparently come to the end of "Bark" Camphor, and Port Wine treatment, was "surprised" to see the Parson's "legs swelled." There was a certain helplessness attaching to the life after all, and as usual that helplessness, which extended from world economics right down through chimneys that would smoke, bottled mead that would burst, people who would not behave, to small personal ailments, was simply the reverse of the Weston virtues, permanence, simplicity, dignity.

Such is the note on which one would rather close when thinking of him. With, or without Dr. Thorne he began to suffer more than permitted life to be worth while. Towards the end he rarely conducted the services, and his Curates did not please him. Finally, there was an illness, a resumption, then, on Sunday October 17th, 1802, the last entry, which ends characteristically with the words "Roast Beef." He lingered until New Year's Day, and heart-broken Nancy, who records the fact in her diary, was comforted by Mr. Custance and Mr. Bodham. He was buried on the 5th, his often troublesome nephew Bill making a journey of 238 miles in 27 hours, and arriving late for the funeral, to find himself dividing the estate with Nancy. But she put upon the mural tablet the best of James Woodforde—the esteem of his parishioners, the loss of the poor, the sorrow of the relatives. And, as if to make them all regret him more, the new incumbent, Mr. Dell, doubled the Tithe and made them sing in Church. It was almost a portent.

A Demand for Intolerance

By Dorothy Crisp

IN this day of the hard-headed and the practical, of scientific precision and literary "realism," it is more important to accept all views than to strive for any; better to understand the mind of the criminal than to check crime; more fashionable to prate of the tenets of all creeds than to practise a single virtue, and an outrage against the only taste that remains to vow allegiance to a solitary tradition. Never was mystic nor metaphysician as remote from the hard practice of life as the vague garrulousness of this century of progress. Europe is divided between dictatorship and savagery under the auspices of many liberal-minded conferences, and empires fall, murder and sedition stalk triumphant, while politicians anxiously discuss abstract rights and constitutional theories. The chief result of the growth of knowledge and the spread of education has been a decay of purpose, and the promulgation of a breadth of mind so tenuous that it cannot support a single standard.

Public men untrained for their positions; hurried writers of sweeping inaccuracies; maudlin admirers of "the people's" rise to every kind of power, haranguing and misleading masses puffed to a proud and totally false belief that "now they are educated," now they are competent in all things; these have combined to produce a general mentality too closely resembling that of the not over-brilliant adolescent amusingly portrayed by Miss Macaulay in "The Making of a Bigot," the story of a youth who saw so much in every view-point that he joined the Socialist Party and the Primrose League on the same day, but who, during years of such wide sympathies, found himself invariably thrust aside in all endeavours and enthusiasms, and at length played cards to determine his future allegiance and the sides he would so definitely take. To be ineffective at home and increasingly disregarded abroad is inevitable to a

nation thus swayed and thus represented, nor, in the present urgent need for leadership and sane decision in world crises, is it too much to see in the collapse of our civilization its certain end, unless a minority such as gives impetus to all movements should correct its follies, and, by immediate and drastic action, restore the necessary unity between fact and theory, the inter-relation of mental activity and the world of affairs.

The intellectual and emotional tendencies of many years have combined to favour attacks on every kind of authority, have produced a loose individualism which now cries out for collectivism, have replaced personalities with committees and firm law and order with petty interference; nor is it difficult to detect their origins and progress. The theory of the equality of men has gradually become familiar to ever-increasing numbers over a period of some hundred and fifty years. This theory, as Lord Eustace Percy has pointed out, was the natural reaction and defence against the tyranny of the one, but it has in practice affected every department of life with the wildest absurdities, and has been, and is, permitted to do so by men who apparently imagine that to denounce to patent falsehood of equality is necessarily to uphold the right of the lord to warm his feet in the life blood of the peasant.

From attacking absolute monarchy, through assisting the liberal thought which resulted in the many revolutions and the reverence for democracy that marked the nineteenth century, the theory of equality has come to feed the socialistic attitude of to-day. Having vanquished the *droit du seigneur*, this theory, ever expansive and ever corrosive, must attack every variety of social distinction. After the authority of the lord and the authority of the priest, there fall the authority of the law and the authority of the parent, for not only are all men equal but progress is synonymous with attack, and defence, or even maintenance, are become the work of the dullards, the senile, and the few who would still

gloat in their evil oppression. Among a half-educated mass, any idea will be run to idiocy by that mental snobbery which must career after "progress," progress, the *ne plus ultra*.

But it is the final consequence of this theory which, almost unrecognized, is also the most evil. Doubt, scorn, or an inept patronage of all that makes for a wider culture and a nobler ideal is the inevitable effect, since no man is better than he, of the doctrine of equality on the coarser character. Thus the international knowledge of an aristocracy is swamped by the parochial outlook of the small townsman, the penny Press holds gravely forth on the deficiencies of the Elder Universities, Imperial interests are unrecognized while the trumpery default of some petty city councillor holds the attention of the all-powerful voter, the normal courtesies of life are the laughable nonsense of a dead, and therefore discredited, age, and moral growth is unknown among an unled, uncertain, depressed and dissatisfied people.

Moreover, while a large number of the intellectuals have propagated and supported such theories, the very manner of life produced in the last hundred and fifty years has influenced men toward similar conclusions, and to the acceptance of that materialism which is failing of its own purpose. The industrial revolution, by its very nature, tended towards the exaltation of utilitarianism, an attitude which the proletariat chiefly understands, and the social reforms to which it gave impetus, travelling far beyond their early and righteous purpose, have reached a sentimentality which, easy victim of socialistic creeds, has lavished privileges where there are no responsibilities, and has bestowed upon the mass the power to obstruct all views but its own.

Again, the new countries, which have gained increasing power, inevitably reinforce the cruder viewpoint. Themselves mainly intent to secure that material prosperity which their natural wealth promises in the immediate future, they fail to understand the outlook of maturer

peoples, of nations influenced by ingrown loves and ancient feuds, wise with the wisdom of experience, and jealous as much to preserve their peculiar culture as to maintain their territory. Their very distance, the actual increased size of the inhabited world, which they represent, adds to the difficulties of to-day. The natural egotism which leads all men to judge others by themselves makes the easy assumption that there are no radical differences between the nations, an assumption which again the doctrine of equality must fortify. Nor does the vaunted speed of trains, of ships, or of air services, the service of mail routes and the floods of newspapers, do much, if anything, to combat misunderstanding between the peoples. The fact remains that in each land the power is grasped by the mass who rarely meet or truly know men of other nations, and who, fed politically by their own national press interpretations, entirely lack the clues which lead to the understanding and appreciation of other peoples.

Thus it comes that an Australian and a citizen of the United States can independently deplore England's defiance of Napoleon, holding that, but for us, beneath his guidance, the United States of Europe had dawned, a broad view possible only to a superficial understanding, but one exactly typical of all that influence to-day's actions; a wide but questionable vision and a paucity of facts. For Napoleon evoked unity only against himself, lethargic national feeling awoke only as he collected nations, nor, beyond the Rhine, were the hearts of the French with their Emperor. No great man succeeded him, and these re-shapers of history omitted to grapple with the problem at his death.

Similarly, a bewildered young American, meeting one casually in Venice, will appeal for an explanation of some strange trait in the Italian character, as if there were indeed a "European mentality," and the situation not, though differently, strange to oneself. So, too, well-meaning American politicians with the excellent

catch phrase of, "the self determination of small nations" can, with the best intentions and honest misunderstanding, sow the seed for future wars.

Between mass production and the supposed levelling of barriers the whole world of to-day is acting on false assumptions of similarity, and the vast differences between individual and individual, class and class, nation and nation, and those, even, between race and race, are tucked out of sight, partly in genuine ignorance and misapprehension, and partly through the determined blindness of pious sentimentalists bent on forcing their unreal conception of brotherhood and their academic conception of peace upon a world half contemptuous and half uneasy. Each child must be forced to school for the same number of years; every class, to judge by public speakers and those who broadcast, is credited with the same sense of humour and an understanding of the same allusions—the most erroneous conclusion ever formed; what gladdens the people of London, we are to understand, will equally rejoice those of Berlin, Timbuctoo and Tokio; and if a hint of Chinese slavery, Hindu sexuality, or Negroid brutality, by some chance peeps for a moment between the verbose garlands which ornament this feast of international amiability, we are to remember, for this occasion and for such occasions only, that these people are not worse or inferior, but different, though equal.

With the great widening of modern life, our reach has increased at the expense of our grasp. We are not content to learn one thing thoroughly, and the minds of even our best more nearly resemble those hand-books which would teach us the world's history in two hundred pages, and many howlers, than the thorough knowledge and guarded deductions of the "Golden Bough," great representative, as it is, of the standard to which men formerly aspired. We are in the position of those who half know a language, and who may rightly catch the general drift of a conversation, but who commit disastrous

blunders as to details; details, in practice, the all-important.

There is, then, little that is praiseworthy about the broadmindedness of to-day. It is based on too little knowledge rather than increased understanding, and is the product of men over-influenced and carried away by events, not the achievement of true philosophers assisting at the birth of a greater world. Thus, when we act at all—and all the influences of recent years have combined to engender a toleration but another name for inaction—we act on assumptions in preference to facts, and with fatuous optimism towards a future that "progress" must bring on, instead of with a firm purpose to make of the future what we will. This is the modern predestination, the denial of free will and the creative mind of man, with the terrors of inevitable damnation removed through a kindness of heart peculiar to the twentieth century.

But the theories of to-day bear little relation to reality, and damnation is upon the people of our own country and the peoples of the world. If ever men and nations needed and implored leadership, they need and cry out for it to-day, and in our successful attempt to fulfil that need we shall be found to revive true individualism, a material advancement, a liberality of outlook, and hope of international peace that chattering champions have talked to death. By demanding intolerance we shall preserve toleration, and in authoritative knowledge reveal a kinship beyond the ken of the equalitarians.

To destroy the theory of equality is the first essential to any reconstruction, for though it may have been emaciated in schools of thought to "equality of opportunity," that cant phrase of Conservative politicians, its every practical result is with us, and only on a theory diametrically opposed and widely canvassed can a revitalized society be based. No longer may false theories be left to demonstrate their own falsity over a long

period of years. The results of such a method face us on every side, in ruined industry, shaken society and breaking loyalties. Rather must solid and fundamental thinking be undertaken by all who influence and affect public affairs, undertaken with all zeal by the few who appreciate the present situation and its causes, and forced on the opposition by their opponents' determination.

We have to ring the death-knell of apathy and engage in a battle royal for the cause of a new-old faith. Few if any of us realize how very many of the English people are by every thought and instinct supporters of the political Right, and all that it implies socially and individually, a Right which has now no political representation. We have but to raise the standard to gain a multiplicity of adherents and may indeed find ourselves far less reinstating authority, loyalty, justice, and their companions then revealing them to a yet untutored but a ready people. For as the present writer has endeavoured elsewhere* to point out the great masses to whom education is a new thing have been taught nothing but socialistic theories. Socialism alone has approached them and Socialism has reaped its reward of support, but a support surprisingly meagre in view of its many offers and of the very important fact that it has had no opponent among the people, save their instinct.

The enemies of the Right have broken the ground for philosophic and political interest in minds that knew not the plough of thought. It is for us to rout their forces and to use their work, for us to combat the facile obviousness of socialistic tenets with a fundamental creed wherein the right of property is vindicated as the natural consequence of family sentiment, and both are used to spur on virility to its own advancement and the national good; in which a state is conceived as a

* The Rebirth of Conservatism, Ch. i and iv.

society slowly and as a whole progressing to better things, offering most to those who work hardest and in which individuals are free to rise to the measure of their ability, but not so quickly that their minds remain untempered while their material fortunes improve; a nation in which leadership constitutes the vital link between class and class, and in which patriotism rounds off and adds warmth and colour to the individual life; a nation, in brief, in which true leadership to great ends warms loyalty, and which in a spirit of cleansing and as a proof of vigour will joyfully trounce socialism from the land. For such intolerance is vital and alone will restore us; the intolerance of men working to the preservation and improvement of character at home and undeviating standards abroad; the intolerance of sincere belief and of real knowledge. When our Members learn of and from the people they represent they will be alike shocked by their ignorance and warmed by their fundamental soundness. When they put the good of the nation before that individualism run to imbecility which will pay to litter up the House of Commons with any man who wants the job, politics may again be recognized as the service of England, and leadership again fulfil its task. Then, too, may the world be served by a statement of definite intentions and the British Empire stand firm in its influence for good. Herein lies our only hope, the hope not only of a country, not even of an Empire, but of civilization itself, that a great demand for intolerance should tear aside that tenuous breadth of mind that to-day shrouds all reality.

Kitty Kinsella

By Patrick R. Chalmers

IT was old Father Noah
Who built him an ark
And when he'd done so, ah,
The day it grew dark,
Folk could scarce get to town
For the rain coming down;
And Kitty Kinsella
She'd lent her umbrella,
And Kitty Kinsella
Went wet to the sark.

"Sure I thought ye'd gone sailing,
Dear Father?" says she;
Bawls Noah at the railing,
"I'm wanting the flea,
Sure the creature might drown
Wid the rain coming down!"
"Arrah," says she, "Father,"
And shrugs herself rather,
"Arrah," says she, "Father,
I have him wid me!"

"Now I'd not unconsider,"
Says Noah nice and plain,
"A lady, nor bid her
Be taking the pain
For to search hersilf like
An' it raining like Mike,
So step up wid your partner
(Says he for to heart'n her)
Step in wid your partner
And out av the rain."

You'll be saying that Kitty
Would travel incog?
Ah, Noah played it pretty,
Though wet as the bog
Wid the rain coming down

Fit to crack av his crown—
"The Flea wid his ration,"
He wrote in fine fashion,
"The Flea wid his ration,"
He wrote in his log.

And on Ararat's summit
He landed Kit there,
And what would become it
Like Kitty the Fair
When, the sun shining free,
She hopped down like a flea?
And they wed her to Denis
Wid all the gold pennies,
To Denis McDennis
The Viceroy of Clare,
Wid all his bright pennies
Great hounds and gold hair.

A Loud Lie

By T. F. Powys

OVER the little town of Newton Barrow—a place set upon a hill—a small cloud settled. Mr. Crumpter, who liked a shady day, locked up his shop and walked out. Mr. Crumpter looked gratefully at the sky. The cloud moved and Mr. Crumpter moved with the cloud.

The month was July, and Mr. Crumpter was grateful for the cloud's shade; he let the cloud guide him. He walked under the cloud as far as the river bridge, and the cloud stopped. Mr. Crumpter believed the cloud to be law and order.

He waited and looked into the river, and the cloud above uttered a low rumble as if something displeased it. Mr. Crumpter listened, rude shouts that troubled his ears came to him. The cloud rumbled again; law and order was being outraged.

Mr. Crumpter disliked the rabble; they were just the ones to disturb his shade and to make law and order growl.

Mr. Crumpter looked to see from whence the shouts came. Along the river bank there were collected some loutish town-idlers. These young men had found something to torment—a girl. She had been sitting alone upon the bank, having already been driven out of her street by taunts and jeers. They followed her into the meadow and joined hands, as is sometimes done by children at play, and chased the girl, trying to force her into the river.

The cloud muttered again louder than ever, and Mr. Crumpter walked into the meadow. In a few moments he stood beside the girl and invited her to tell him what the young men had been saying that made her unhappy, and why they had so wished to drown her in the river.

Mr. Crumpter knew her by sight; she lived in a narrow street near to his shop. She had once bought a packet of starch from him. He knew her name was Minnie.

Mr. Crumpter took Minnie to the bridge—the boys had run off. He raised his hat to her, and bade her go home as quickly as she could.

Mr. Crumpter looked at the cloud; it ceased to mutter. Law and order was quieted.

Mr. Crumpter did moderately at his trade, and besides the money that was in his business, his mother, before she died, had invested her savings for him. He was a well-to-do man. All his possessions were allied to him; everything in his shop could be depended upon. He had an honest look; he was also strong and well-favoured. There was nothing that belonged to Mr. Crumpter that was other than what it seemed.

Mr. Crumpter was a bachelor. On Sunday, if you met him going to church—and he was not ashamed of carrying a Prayer Book—you would take him to be about fifty years old. When he was grinding coffee in his shop, he looked about forty. He always referred to his mother as "My poor Mother."

But he did not do that because she was dead; he said so because he feared that she had not been happy while she lived. He had often found her crying, but never knew what made her cry. She died when he was eighteen years old.

Mr. Crumpter had wished to be a clergyman, but destiny does so many odd things and decided to make him a grocer. Perhaps this was a pity, for Mr. Crumpter would certainly have made a sincere and praiseworthy minister of the gospel. He might have been a good preacher, too, for he had always the greatest respect for olden times. Mr. Crumpter was a conservative.

If probity could get a man on in the world and raise him to a high position, Mr. Crumpter must have reached to a throne. But honesty never could do that, and Mr. Crumpter soon found that the notions of modern trade agreed but ill with his veneration for what was old and established.

In a trade where so many new things turned and

tumbled out the old, Mr. Crumpter found it hard to thrive. Yet he stood bravely. He would never buy goods from a new firm. All new devices and patents Mr. Crumpter regarded as so many cheats, made on purpose to deceive and to kill. Mr. Crumpter would have none of them.

Did any journeyman arrive outside his shop, remove himself from a hooded motor car that looked like an old crow, and then enter Mr. Crumpter's door, he had better have handed a writ of execution to a lawyer than try to introduce Mr. Crumpter to a new line.

Mr. Crumpter would let the man stand, while he served the dirtiest girl-child with a half-pound of sweets, before he went to him. But, when the shop was empty and Mr. Crumpter at leisure, he would go to the gentleman in his politest manner. He would bow to him, and, after receiving his card and hearing the particular virtues of what he sold, Mr. Crumpter, with his right hand resting upon the Bible that was always beside the great ledger, would ask for the full Christian names of the great-grandfather of the present head of the firm that the journeyman represented.

"Do not," Mr. Crumpter would say, taking his hand from the Bible and laying it upon the gentleman's shoulder, "do not try to sell me Dalby's Demon Soap unless you can prove to me that Mr. Dalby's grandfather washed with it himself."

"Mr. Dalby's grandfather washed with something," replied the traveller.

"I have no doubt of it," Mr. Crumpter would answer, "but if my customers demand that I must deal with you, I shall certainly warn them that they may soap their heads once too often."

Mr. Crumpter would set out in his window only those goods whose values had been known and trusted for a number of years. But, though what he set there was all supplied by old and honourable firms, yet his stock was always fresh, proving that the goods that have stood a

trial of many years are easily sold. And, indeed, if Mr. Crumpter thought that a pot of Dundee marmalade had remained upon a shelf a little longer than ordinary, he would take it down and hand it to the first poor old woman who entered the shop upon a Friday morning—Mr. Crumpter considered Friday his lucky day.

About tea, Mr. Crumpter was as particular as Miss Matty. "Surely there are enough old brands of tea upon the market to fill everyone's cup"; Mr. Crumpter would inform some fine lady who forgot to say "please" when she demanded a half-pound of "Honeysuckle." "Do you wish to be poisoned? Why, I would not give such rubbish to a dog."

With the packet in his hand—if a dog did happen at that moment to show its nose in the shop doorway—Mr. Crumpter would throw the tea at the intruder to burst over its head.

Such manners did not increase Mr. Crumpter's trade, and, though no one ever went out of the shop without carrying with them the full value for their money—and a kind and friendly word into the bargain—yet the business he did grew everyday less. Yet it was not until an event happened that drove a grievous point home to him, that Mr. Crumpter decided to give up his shop.

A certain journeyman, Mr. Biles, who wore a face and a hard hat that, except for the colour, exactly matched one another, and who had once received what he thought to be an insult—though delivered in the politest terms—from Mr. Crumpter, had made it his business to find out all he could about that good man. Mr. Biles had himself lived in the town where Mr. Crumpter's childhood had been spent, and so had easily discovered certain facts that he thought would help his revenge.

Mr. Biles, when he had received his rebuff, had tried to sell a new scented soap to the grocer. He now carried with him a patent self-rising cake-flour, made in the same

factory. Mr. Biles entered Mr. Crumpter's shop with a jocular, though determined gait, and the shop being empty, went direct to the counting-house, where he found the grocer. They bade each other good morning.

"Before I show you what I have to sell, Mr. Crumpter," remarked Mr. Biles, "I would first wish to inform you of one of the rules of our firm. We refuse to offer any of our goods—either soap or flour—to any gentleman who cannot show the living person or, at least, the portrait of his lawful father."

Mr. Crumpter felt the blow heavily. How could he, who valued so highly a long line of respectable tradesmen—the worthy producers of the best goods that he sold—own to such a man as Mr. Biles that he knew nothing of his own father, and that, indeed, he feared his poor mother—through no fault of her own—had never been married.

All Mr. Crumpter knew of the matter was that sometimes, upon a Sunday, after his mother had taken him to church, she would open a drawer that appeared to be full of camphor balls and take out from under them a wedding dress that had never been worn. She would show this dress to her little boy and then cry heartily, so that when he grew a little older, he would beg of her never to go to the drawer. But her last wish was to be buried in that dress, and she was obeyed.

Moving far from the town where his mother lay under a little green mound in the cemetery, Mr. Crumpter had never been asked about his parents, though gossips had said—and who can prevent people from talking—that Mr. Crumpter's father was a Dean who had married a lady a great deal younger, and a little lower in station, than himself.

Mr. Crumpter did not reply to Mr. Biles and only said that Hitchcock's Fine Flour—a firm that started business in 1782—was good enough for him to sell and for his customers to buy.

But even though he said that and opened the shop

door for the journeyman, Mr. Crumpter felt ill at ease after this visit. He fancied, as he walked in the street—either to church or to business—that people asked why he had no father to show for himself, no, not even a dead father, buried decently and wept for by a widow who wisely followed him. Alas! he had not even a picture to show of him.

A week or two after Mr. Biles's visit, Mr. Crumpter's shop was closed, and soon the premises were let by Mr. Crumpter to Mr. Johnson, an undertaker, for how could Mr. Crumpter bear the thought of another grocer filling his window with all that was modern and nasty?

"Yes," he told Mr. Johnson, "I will let you have the shop, for the wares that you sell are as old in use and form as the world."

Mr. Crumpter settled himself in a little house up a narrow street, not far from his old shop, at Newton Barrow. On one side of the fireplace in his parlour there hung a fine portrait of his mother—a young creature, wearing ringlets over a little coy face as round as an apple.

The other side of the fireplace was empty.

The mayor of the town, who respected Mr. Crumpter—as one upholder of the church and State should respect another—called one day, and asked Mr. Crumpter what had happened to the portrait of his father; he supposed that he had sent it to be cleaned.

"Yes, and so I have," said Mr. Crumpter, loudly, but he blushed.

And now Mr. Crumpter felt more uneasy than ever. Ought he not, he wondered, after what he had said to the mayor, find a husband for his poor mother, to hang above the mantelshelf upon the right-hand side? After all, what harm could be done—he need tell no lie—and whoever saw the two portraits would know at once who they were.

Mr. Crumpter made up his mind to see what he could do. One Friday morning he took an early train to Portstown, and visited an old shop where secondhand

goods of all sorts were to be sold. After a long and wearisome search Mr. Crumpter found his father in a dingy corner where old pictures had been piled.

"If you want to make your home comfortable, you cannot do better than to buy this portrait," the salesman said. Mr. Crumpter placed the picture upon a broken rocking-horse, and regarded it by the light of a candle.

The portrait was about two hundred years old; it represented a Dean, clad in wig and gown, with a large face, a fine protruding stomach, and the hands of a girl. This good man held an open book upon his knee, while behind him there was a dark purple curtain.

"A fine father," thought Mr. Crumpter, "I will buy him at once."

Mr. Crumpter ordered the dealer to pack the picture, so that it might look like a gramophone: he did not wish anyone, except the mayor, to know that he had brought his father home.

The wind blew uncomfortably, and the rain beat down, when Mr. Crumpter left the station to walk to his house. On his way, rude noisy steps followed him, and Mr. Crumpter heard young men shouting—at him, he supposed—"Thee's father, where be thee's father? Do 'ee show us thee's father." Someone ran past him, crying. Mr. Crumpter fancied it was Minnie.

But even with his father hanging so finely, having always one eye, as Mr. Crumpter thought, upon his mother's curls, Mr. Crumpter's mind was far from being easy.

The Mayor called, who, though he showed a great respect for the Dean, said that he did not altogether approve of so old a man marrying so young a girl as Mrs. Crumpter looked. "But to have you as a result, Mr. Crumpter," he said, "shows that God blessed the match." The Mayor looked at Mrs. Crumpter and sighed. "I believe she has a curl missing," he said, "I hope your father did not bite it off. I suppose he must have been about a hundred and eighty years older than she."

Mr. Crumpter looked down . . .

Mr. Crumpter did not know what he could do. The Mayor was his friend, and the Mayor was the only person in the town who knew the exact date when the clergy ceased to wear wigs. Others might take his father for a judge, or else for an old man who felt the cold and wished to shelter his ears. Those few of Mr. Crumpter's friends who still visited him, and who were not very grand persons themselves, were so impressed by the fine figure of the Dean, that they hardly ever grew tired of talking of him, and asked Mr. Crumpter a number of questions about his father. Mr. Crumpter told them that he was all a good father could be . . .

Mr. Crumpter couldn't altogether blame himself; he had his mother to think of. And yet, to bear the sin of lying upon his own shoulders alone was very hard for him. He had never meant to lie when he brought the portrait home. He intended that the portrait should lie, and not he. But now he knew how wicked he was, ever to have hung it there. He could not, for all the world—when in trade—have transferred the cardboard face of a celebrated Quaker from a packet of oats to a packet of flake tobacco.

Since giving up business, Mr. Crumpter had led a sedentary life. He rarely went out, and spent most of his time in the parlour before the two pictures. One evening, when an April gale raged, Mr. Crumpter had an unusual wish—which was to drink a bottle of wine.

He had half a dozen bottles of good port in his cellar, and, bringing one of them up, he opened the bottle and began to drink, in the hope that the wine would make him forget his loud lie. After a few glasses, Mr. Crumpter began to be a little merry, and when twelve o'clock came he was ready to believe that the Dean was really his father, for, though the Mayor had mocked him, he knew that in times gone by men had certainly lived to be very old.

Seeing things thus, Mr. Crumpter raised his ninth

glass and drank his father's health. And, having done so, he was not altogether astonished when the picture spoke to him.

"Mr. Crumpter," said the Dean, "you have told a very sad falsehood."

"I am sorry for it," said Mr. Crumpter.

"Your sin is mortal," said the Dean, in a rather husky voice, "but as you are a good Tory—as I always was—I will tell you how you can lessen its wickedness."

"A glass first," said Mr. Crumpter.

"You must make the sin venial," coughed the Dean.

"But how can I?" asked Mr. Crumpter.

"You must find someone," replied the Dean, "who will call me father, too."

Mr. Crumpter fell asleep in his chair. He woke late the next day, but with a clear remembrance of what had passed in the night. The storm was over and the April sunshine shone joyously. Mr. Crumpter ate his breakfast and went out, in the hopes of finding someone to share his father . . .

There is an old bridge about half a mile from Newton Barrow that, both in summer and winter, has a very gloomy look.

Under this bridge the waters of the river, though fair and shining in other places, have a sad aspect, for the river at just that spot is very deep. This place is well known to Death, who had often—a half-dozen times it had happened so—led a young, distracted creature, or an old, suffering one, to the dark hole under the bridge to end all their earthly sorrows.

Under a little bush, near to this mournful place, Mr. Crumpter hid himself and waited, thinking that anyone who came there, having lost the truth in this world, would be the readier to share his lie.

But as the hours passed, Mr. Crumpter felt more and more ashamed of himself, and almost wished that he might be brave enough to drop into the river as so many had done.

"I almost think," said Mr. Crumpter, speaking aloud, "that had I purchased a picture of Death, and hung it up next to my mother—for she is dead—I should have done far better and I should have told no lie. Surely Death is an ancestor of distinction that no honest Conservative need be ashamed of. I have only to take one plunge and Death will release me of my lie and acknowledge me as his child."

The bright sunshine, as so often happens upon an April day, was now vanished and gone. Mr. Crumpter was turning away, when the figure of a young girl hurried over the bridge, clambered down the bank, and was about to cast herself into the river, when Mr. Crumpter caught her in his arms and placed her beside him.

They looked at one another and Mr. Crumpter knew the girl to be Minnie whom he had once saved from a ducking, when the rude sots of the town had had a mind to throw her into the river. The girl now wept and said that she was sorry, supposing that Mr. Crumpter might be angry with her for wishing to kill herself.

"And why did you wish to do it?" asked Mr. Crumpter, kindly.

"All the town torments me," answered Minnie, "because I cannot show my father."

Mr. Crumpter started so suddenly at that word, that, if the girl had not laid hold of his coat, he must certainly have tumbled over into the river and been drowned.

Minnie smiled.

Mr. Crumpter took her by the hand.

"Would you have any objection," he said, "to sharing my father, for, if you become my wife, my father will be yours too? He is only a picture."

A Footnote to Revolution

By Warre B. Wells

BENEDETTO CROCE remarked how infinitesimal, during that decisive period the eighteenth century, when a new endowment was universally manifested, was the contribution of Spain to the progress of European art and thought. Many would be inclined to say that, small as her contribution then may have been, her contribution since has been even more conspicuous by its absence. Most observers of the development of European thought leave Spain out of their reckoning altogether. For them Spain is not essentially a part of Europe at all; Africa begins at the Pyrenees.

In one sense, and in one sense only, this is true. It is true in the same sense that the Atlantic Ocean begins at the English Channel, and that Asia begins in those vague borderlands where the Central European plain merges into the Russian steppe. It is true in the same sense that England is oceanic, almost American, and that Russia is Asiatic. It is true, in other words, in the sense that Spain, like England and Russia, is a " march " in the historic meaning of the term, the frontier of a civilization, a debatable land. England, Russia and Spain form the periphery of Europe, the part of it most affected by extra-European influences, so that in all these countries there has been one force making for unity and another force making for dispersion. That has been historically their alternative, their struggle, and their tragedy.

In this sense it is true that Spain has always been a kind of frontier and battle-ground between Europe and Africa. Accordingly, the work of European civilization in this " march "—as in England and in Russia—has always had to be pursued under hard conditions and given instable and precarious results. Many, no doubt, will regard the recent Spanish Revolution as something like a final victory of Europe over Africa, clearing away the last of the lumber of the traditions and institutions

which she inherited from her Arab conquerors, and swinging her at last into the main stream of European civilization.

Such people may be surprised to learn that, on the contrary, there is a school of thought in Spain which—not for political but for philosophical reasons—regards the Revolution as not a progressive but a retrogressive step. For the past quarter of a century a younger and more European school of thought—accepting the kind of historical law that made Spain a "march" in which the conquest of true civilization was arduous and uncertain, but at the same time far from accepting the Protestant, encyclopædist and progressivist thesis of the "backwardness" of Spain, or Kayserling's (and for that matter Unamuno's) thesis of her "eccentricity"—has been striving to develop in Spain a "policy of culture." This was modelled on the "enlightened despotism" of the eighteenth century, but was not necessarily bound up with the maintenance of the Monarchy, and certainly not with the abuses of the Monarchy. It was a policy of ideas, not a policy of politics.

The leader of this school of thought is Don Eugenio d'Ors, born in 1882, of Catalan and Cuban descent, whose earlier writings, in Catalan, made him the outstanding representative of Catalanism and the successor of Prat de la Riba in the great work of intellectual and political renovation initiated by that industrious and particularist race. Later—about 1920, a significant post-war date—he dissociated himself from Catalanism and henceforth wrote only in Castilian. But it was Catalonia in the first place that inspired him with the intellectual concepts out of which he built up his Europeanism, by a movement inverse to that which led Barrès from the contemplation of the world to practical and self-centred Lorraine.

To-day Eugenio d'Ors—a philosopher of Continental, though not yet of English reputation (for England is a "march" of European culture)—works in the service of

the ideal of European unity or, as he prefers to call it, "the Empire of Our Lord Charlemagne." To all the dispersion and restlessness of romanticism he opposes that range of ideas which we associate under the rubric of Mediterranean genius. His whole career is one long, long struggle against what he calls "baroque"—against one manifestation of that phenomenon which Benda called "Belphegorism." His standpoint may be summed up in his comments on two pictures of Goya—for no sphere of culture is foreign to his catholicity. There is one picture of Goya, Goya the Spanish painter, entitled: "The Sleep of Reason engenders Monsters." That title d'Ors describes as "The Declaration of the Rights of Monsters." To it he opposes that other picture of Goya, Goya the European painter, in which one sees Reason, with scales in one hand and a whip in the other, putting to flight a flock of birds of the night. "Divine Reason, spare not one of them!"

But the efforts of Eugenio d'Ors and his school to develop a "policy of culture" in Spain encountered in the first place that revival of romanticism in which another Spanish writer, José Díaz Fernández, sees a symbol in the return of women to long hair and long skirts. In the next place it came into collision with the great post-war social agitation, which in its reaction in Spain produced a military dictatorship, at much the same time (1923) as Fascism in Italy. The dictatorship in its turn engendered the revolution and the republic—thanks largely to what d'Ors regards as a kind of "treason" on the part of a section of Spanish intellectuals, comparable with that of those "traitors" denounced by Péguy in France who went over from the Dreyfusist "moral revolution" to bourgeois Parliamentarianism.

The Spanish Revolution of 1931, according to this school of thought, is an anachronistic revolution. It has brought to the front the anachronistic problem of liberty, which is a romantic and nineteenth-century problem,

and pushed aside the problem of the eighteenth century, which is also the problem of the twentieth century—the problem of culture. D'Ors and his school, however, do not despair of seeing the "struggle for culture" revived under the Republic; but only on the condition that the new regime abandons the anachronistic tendencies under the impulse of which it was born and enrols itself in favour of one of the new solutions which are now disputing for the mastery in European politics—the solution of syndical (*not* syndicalist) and authoritarian federativism.

During the same spring which witnessed the Spanish Revolution, Eugenio d'Ors delivered a course of lectures before the School of Social Studies in Madrid in which he developed his thesis of culture under the heading, "The Science of Culture"—a science which he regards as only now being systematized. He regards culture as a human unity alike in Space and in Time. He revives from Alexandrian neo-Platonism the concept of "*eons*"—by which he means a category in progress, a category on the march, an idea which makes history. To him there are but two "pure *eons*" or historical constants: two forces sempiternally in opposition. There is the *eon* of unity, the classical *eon*, that of geometry, that of reason, that of the mind. There is the baroque *eon*, that of dispersion, of restlessness, of Nature. There is the *eon* of the Logos, and there is the *eon* of Pan.

The greatest and the truest function of the latter is and always will be to sustain the former, which is more noble and which is immortal—to sustain it with its substance, but on the condition that this substance is absorbed and assimilated by it. There are occasions—the discovery of America and the European reaction to it constituted one such occasion—when the dose of Nature injected into the Logos is too strong. The reducing process, the diastasis, of Reason cannot take place immediately. Out of such a condition is born what Eugenio d'Ors calls "baroquism"—a general

phenomenon which has been several times repeated in the course of history; latest of all in that period of dispersion which we call the post-war, and which is also the period of revolution.

Just as there is a sempiternal opposition between the *eon* of Pan and the *eon* of the Logos, so in this interpretation of history there is an opposition between the concept of the European *œcumenos* and the concept of "barbarism" which we derive through Rome from Greece—the *œcumenos* of which England, Russia, and Spain alike stand on the periphery. Only now, according to the school of d'Ors, are we beginning to fashion a true doctrine of culture in history. He divides the development of the history of culture into five phases, associated with the successive discoveries of Man, in the fifth century B.C.; of Society, in the fifth century; of the State, in the thirteenth century; of the People, in the eighteenth century; and, finally, of Culture itself, in the twentieth century. Its first phase dates from Socrates to the *City of God* of Saint Augustine; its second from the *City of God* of Saint Augustine to the treatise *On Monarchy* of Dante; its third phase from the treatise *On Monarchy* of Dante to the *New Knowledge* of Gianbatista Vico, and the *Social Contract* of Jean Jacques Rousseau; its fourth phase from Vico and Rousseau to the establishment of a doctrine of the science of culture; and its fifth phase concerns the application of that doctrine and dates at the present day.

In its morphology, this doctrine of culture remains to be applied in the sphere of action (administration, law, arts, craftsmanship, labour); in the sphere of values (ideas and ideals, religion, morality, sensibility, taste, customs, education); and in the sphere of knowledge (concept of the world, philosophy, science, learning). That, in the view of Eugenio d'Ors and his school, and not the nineteenth-century problem of liberty, is the problem of to-day. So, before we proceed to congratulate the Spanish people on coming into line with ourselves in

the onward march of civilization, let us remember that to at least some of their more enlightened minds their Revolution is an anachronism, a setting-back of the hands of the clock of real progress as distinct from the mechanical conception of progress, and that it can justify itself only in proportion as it diverges from the example set by this "march" of ours at the other extremity of Western Europe.

Let us note that by this school, whose endeavour to develop a "policy of culture" in Spain has been interrupted, if not frustrated, by the Revolution, that Revolution is, in fact, regarded as an "English phenomenon"—and that term is not applied in any complimentary sense. For Eugenio d'Ors and his school envisage three Europes in the political map of 1931, and the one to which England belongs is not the Europe to which they would have Spain belong. There is a Communist Europe, with a hold on Germany and a hold on Asia, whose centre is Moscow and whose prophet is Karl Marx. There is a liberal and parliamentary Europe, whose prophet, Rousseau, may be French, but whose centre is "the English tradition." And, finally, there is a federative, corporative Europe, whose centre is Rome, not necessarily in the religious Catholic sense, but certainly in the culturally *œcumenical* sense; not necessarily in the politically Fascist sense, but certainly in the sense that the problem of the twentieth century is not freedom, but cultural authority. The prophet of this Europe is Proudhon; and it is the hope of those Spaniards who regard their own Revolution as "anachronistic" not that this Revolution may be "anglicized," but that it may be "proudhonized."

The Book of the Month*

By Hugh Kingsmill

MEETING "Beachcomber" in Trafalgar Square the other day, I told him I had just begun an article on his "By the Way." Would he mind letting me know if I had, in his opinion, struck the right note in the opening paragraphs?

He assented with austere courtesy, and, resting the great staff Durendal against the base of Nelson's Column, composed himself to attention.

"Years ago, I think before the war," I read, "one used to come across an advertisement from which one learnt that had Grimaldi, the famous clown, taken a certain Fruit Salt each morning before breakfast, the following sad dialogue would have remained unspoken:

A doctor was consulted one day by a man who complained of his great melancholy, and asked if there were no cure. "Go and see Grimaldi," said the doctor. "I am Grimaldi," replied the man.

This is as far as the advertisement carried the story, but there is a sequel, now for the first time given to the public.

Some weeks after Grimaldi had dragged himself away, with a long and weary sigh, a man of even more lugubrious aspect entered the doctor's consulting-room, and complaining of his great melancholy asked if there were no cure. "Go and see Grimaldi," said the doctor. "I have just seen him," said the man.

If I read this answer rightly, it was not aimed at the quality of Grimaldi's humour, but, on the contrary, expressed the speaker's sensitive divination of the pain behind Grimaldi's grin. "He jests," one hears him murmur, "but his heart is breaking." Now . . . .

A roar cut me short. "What!" cried "Beachcomber." "Do you propose to treat me along these antiquated snivelling J. M. Barrie tear-behind-the-smile lines? Are you going to excavate me in search of a

* "By The Way," by "Beachcomber." (Sheed and Ward, 7s. 6d.)

loving heart? Or graft on this face, contorted with rage and scorn, a pitiful smile for human frailty?"

"Yes and No."

"Which?"

"Both."

"How?"

"As follows. But I beg you to tranquillize yourself first. I see you have your great staff Durendal with you. Take, I pray you, a turn or two. To still your beating mind, as Shakespeare would say."

"Shakespeare! An overrated fellow. I prefer Marlowe."

"Surely . . . ."

"Fool, have you neither ear nor soul? 'And ride in triumph through Persepolis!' Hey, fool, isn't that better than snivelling Lear, and squealing Othello, and secret-sorrow Hamlet, and petal-pulling Macbeth . . . . I'll knife him . . . . I won't . . . . I'll knife him . . .. I won't? Isn't it? Isn't it? And he flung away, stopping abruptly by the statue of Charles I, to remove his hat to that wise, far-seeing, intrepid monarch, victim of the stupid short-sighted and cowardly Cromwell. Then he was lost to view.

A few hours later, I was rung up by someone whose distinctive un-English accent, though I knew him but slightly, I at once recognized. It was G——, the novelist, whose "Memoirs of a Cosmopolitan" I had just been reading.

"'Beachcomber' is here," he said, in a hurried overwrought voice. "He wishes to see you. He has had a terrible accident."

"But . . . ."

"Quick! Quick! There is no time to waste."

G—— was on the pavement, as I stepped out of the taxi.

"It was a hundred yards away, in Great Portman Place," he cried. "I was walking with E—— (he named a famous sculptor). We saw a man knocked over.

We rushed forward. '"Beachcomber"!' E—— cried. 'It is "Beachcomber"! He does not love me. What matter?' 'Nor me,' I said. 'But what matter indeed?' Lifting him in his powerful arms, E—— bore him here. Surgeons, doctors, nurses—what we could we have done. And there is hope. Ay, there is hope."

Much moved by the natural goodness brought to the surface in the elegant G—— by this misfortune to one of his severest critics, I followed him, both of us on tip-toe, along the passage of his flat to a door, where he paused, listening. A heavy sigh, and "Will he never come?" told us the sufferer was awake. Opening the door gently, G—— signalled to me to go in. "I am not needed," he murmured.

As I entered, a nurse hurried towards me. "Are you Mr. Kingsmill?" she whispered.

"Yes."

"Thank heaven!"

"Who is it?" a weak voice asked.

"It's Mr. Kingsmill, Mr. Beachcomber. Now don't get excited. There! Is that more comfortable?"

"How good you are to me!"

"Now I'll leave you two alone. Don't excite him," she whispered, and left the room.

A chair had been placed by the bed. "Beachcomber," propped up against the pillows, his head heavily bandaged, smiled at me as I sat down. The setting sun illumined his face, which was sad and strangely gentle.

"Are you sure you ought to talk?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. I am much better now. There is hardly any pain. Ah!"

His face was twisted for a moment.

"Nothing! Nothing!" he smiled bravely. "You have it with you I see. That's luck."

"You mean this?" I asked, glancing down at "By the Way," which I had been reading when G—— rang me up.

He nodded. "Kingsmill," he said, "that article of yours . . . . you were going to . . . . you said . . . . my head's so funny . . . . I can't remember things."

"Grimaldi? Anything to do with Grimaldi?"

"Yes, yes! The tear behind the smile . . . . you spoke as if I, too . . . . in spite of . . . ."

"Oh, you mean that I was going to show that in spite of . . . ."

"Go on! Don't spare me!"

"Well, that in spite of your . . . . what shall I call it?"

"My savage intolerance, Kingsmill."

"Oh, no! Not so strong as that. Shall we say your . . . ."

"Savage intolerance, Kingsmill."

"Well, well . . . . But the point I was going to make in my article was that, though you certainly are a little over-charged in your attacks on modern novelists, poets, sculptors, on pacifists, admirers of Russian literature and so on, there's a variety and richness in your genial work which . . . ."

"You mean," he said eagerly, "that . . . .?"

I nodded.

"A good heart? After all, in spite of everything, a good heart?"

"Exactly. Listen to this, for example."

Opening "By the Way" at page 247, I read out, from "Serge Knockov's War Diary," "The water is rising rapidly in our trenches. . . . Our colonel, who is a small man, and cannot swim, never comes near us, and only the tallest men are put on sentry. I, alas, am well over six feet in height. Balin frightens us all by springing out from deserted bays and pretending to be a seal. . . . The poor little colonel . . . . is now having swimming lessons from Corporal Gavrilovitch in a deserted sap-head. All day long one hears, 'Come, colonel, dushenka; come, my little green porcupine;

kick out thus, like a good Russian. Thy corporal will hold thee up, nanushka.'"

"Beachcomber" looked doubtful. "But, Kingsmill, I'm always attacking the Russians, and the people who talk about the futility of war, and Serge Knockov's Diary is meant to . . . ."

"I know, I know. As a propagandist, you intended to lay out the pacifists and the Tchehov lovers with the same blow. As a poet, you produced as charming and good-natured a skit as Thackeray in his best moments ever wrote."

"I see. I see. Yes, yes. Of course. I see."

"Now, if I may give an example of the propagandist. . . . ?"

"Please!"

"Well, here, on page 193, you quote an old man, now living in a Kent almshouse, who says of Dickens: 'He was a nice sort of chap, and would crack a joke with anybody.'"

I looked up. "Beachcomber's" head was bowed.

"Need I go on?"

"Yes. Go on. Go on!"

"You continue: 'We have fallen away. One does not say these things of modern novelists. They are certainly not nice sort of chaps. . . . Their rare and rather nasty jokes are shared with a friend or two. And as for their work—thank heaven my grandson won't know it ever was allowed to bore us.'"

"Bad! Bad!" "Beachcomber" sighed.

"And borrowed. But I have no right to . . . ."

"No! No! Be frank, Kingsmill. I want to know . . . ."

"Well, it's Chesterton, isn't it? This myth of great simple Dickens, shaming the moderns; Dickens the happy husband, sending his boys to the local grammar school, handing his books to his publishers for what they cared to give him, too humble to accept lecture engagements, too . . . ."

"Spare me! spare me!"

"My dear 'Beachcomber'!" Full of remorse, I turned hastily to page 124 and read out:

> "As oi wur a-waalkin' boi Bolzover Green
> (Wi' a dumbledown junket an' dumbledown dee)
> Oi zaw as wot oi never 'ad zeen
> (An' a fermitty pudden vor paarson)"

"Good fun?" "Beachcomber" asked, smiling through his tears.

"Good, indeed!" I cried, "and here's something else"; and I read out the Hollywood idea of English aristocrats at dinner: "The Duke: (*to butler.*) Jeames, have Lady Viola taste some of our old Burgundy with her soup . . . ."

Reassured by his laughter, I turned back to look for a sentence which had stuck in my mind: "The baboon-shooting here, *qua* baboon-shooting, is good."

"What are you frowning at?" "Beachcomber" asked. "Tell me!"

"Not a frown, my dear fellow, not a frown!"

"What page are you at?"

"Well, page 36, 'Strong Voices of Men.'"

"Read it out, Kingsmill!"

"Must I?"

"Please!"

So I read out about the scorn and passion of Danton, the thunder and lightning of Barbaroux, the superb sword-play of Mirabeau, and the mad violence of Marat.

There was a long silence. "Fine, ringing stuff," I said at last, in an embarrassed voice, "but . . . ."

"Better over Belloc's signature than over mine?"

"Well, yes."

"I see what you mean, Kingsmill. I see what you mean."

"Rhetoric," I ventured, "is one thing. Poetry and humour are . . . ."

"Other things?"

"Exactly."

"Marlowe versus Shakespeare?"

"Yes. Marlowe versus Shakespeare."

There was another silence, broken by the nurse, who came in to tell me I had stayed long enough.

I shook hands and was at the door when "Beachcomber" suddenly quavered, "What a good fellow G—— is! And E——! What a good, good fellow E—— is! How I've misjudged him!"

His voice shook. The nurse gave me a warning glance, but as I closed the door I heard again: "What good, good fellows! What good, good, good . . ." The sentence broke on a sob.

A Tory to the Life*

By Osbert Burdett

IN these days when biography is a popular substitute for fiction, or the form in which fiction is preferred, the presumption against the importance of anyone who died a hundred years ago unrecorded is inevitable. Sir Francis Burdett, however, the radical baronet who was committed to the Tower for his exposure of official abuses, who became the hero of the Westminster electors and was for thirty years the leading spirit in the agitation for the Reform Bill of 1832, who married the daughter of Thomas Coutts the banker, and whose own child, Angela, inherited that fortune and was made a baroness in her own right by Queen Victoria in reward for her philanthropy, is a perfectly genuine hero. In his young days Burdett, however, had maintained a scandalous attachment with Lady Oxford, and it was to avoid reviving this un-Victorian story that his daughter refused to allow his biography to be written in her lifetime.

Since his death, therefore, Burdett has had less than his due, but we have only to read Mr. Patterson's full, candid, exciting and well-arranged record of his public activities to realize that Sir Francis was an inspiring example of courage, independence, and public spirit, who never sought office, who belonged to no party, who persistently declined a peerage, and whose object simply was to end the system of government by corruption and to remedy the worst abuses of his time by making a representative House of Commons possible. This independent attitude to public affairs, which leads the enemies of a man (being partizans themselves) to call him a radical when he is agitating and a "faded fox-hunter" when he denounces revolution, is the diagnostic of the true Tory, and the life of Sir Francis is worth reading to-day because he is the example of a politician

* "Sir Francis Burdett and his Times (1770–1844)." By M. W. Patterson. Two Volumes. Illustrated. (Macmillan. 28s.)

for whose independence one can feel respect, an example the present scarcity of which has brought Parliament into contempt as the grave of public spirit, personal independence, and political principle.

After leaving Westminster and Oxford, and making the grand tour, Sir Francis married at the age of twenty-three Sophia Coutts, and it was Mr. Coutts who persuaded him to enter Parliament by the purchase of a rotten borough. The young man quickly took his own line, denounced the war with France because it was the excuse for Pitt's repressive measures at home, and quickly came to the conclusion that such repression was made possible by the filling of the House with placemen. By this time he had succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, and was thus able to become a political freethinker and a Member with his own hands free. As Mr. Patterson says:

> He did not attach himself to the Whig Party, nor put himself under the leadership of Fox, for two very good reasons. First, the years 1797 to 1801 were marked by the secession of Fox and the Whig Party from Parliament; and secondly, Burdett was never a Whig, but in part a Tory, in part a Radical. No one will ever understand Burdett's career unless he grasps that fact. What he was opposed to was the "system" (of corruption) whether worked by Tories or Whigs. He stood outside the ordinary party allegiances [just as, late in his life, he refused to give any pledges to his constituents].

The scandalous condition of the prison in Cold Bath Fields next attracted his notice. He visited the place until he was refused admission. He pressed for an inquiry and, when the usual whitewash was forthcoming, he did not rest until this, too, had been exposed, while he himself, of course, was denounced as the friend of mutineers and traitors. Then began the long series of cartoons by Gillray (here illustrated) in which his exploits can be followed. He had proved that he could not be intimidated, that he was a dangerous man, and, at this point, Mr. Patterson varies his political story

with the first part of the Lady Oxford episode and with the queer acquaintances that Burdett made through his association with Horne Tooke. When, as in these amusing chapters, the historian gives way to the biographer, there is plenty of human relief, but, unfortunately, Burdett's country life and his hunting are left out of the picture. At Horne Tooke's and at the house of Mr. Coutts (who was banker to the Royal Family and to their mistresses) Sir Francis passed from one extreme of society to the other. Through Tooke he was asked to stand for Middlesex, an "open" constituency in which an election generally turned into a riot. The customary pandemonium makes a vivid story in these pages, and when Sir Francis and Mr. Byng were elected and were "chaired" to Piccadilly, "the line of carriages four abreast was three miles long," and money (with other liquids) was poured out like water. The genial Mr. Coutts quailed before this uproar. Pitt did not want Burdett in Parliament; the election was challenged, and in the end by a narrow margin his opponent was declared returned. The great election, however, was that of Westminster in 1807, when he was not a candidate, the electors coming to him, putting him to no expense, and returning him with a huge majority. He held the seat for thirty years, but his aim was gained with the passing of the Reform Bill.

The climax came in 1810 when the idol of the populace, as he had now become, was accused of a breach of privilege, when a Speaker's warrant (which he declared illegal) was employed to attach him, and when 40,000 soldiers had to be employed before he could be arrested in his house! It is a most exciting story, told in detail here. But, once liberated in triumph, his agitations did not cease. He stood by Lord Cochrane, the most adventurous of admirals; he denounced the Government over their conduct at the Peterloo massacre; he was first applauded and then vilified by Cobbett; he stood up for Queen Caroline in her hour of humiliation; he

supported Catholic Emancipation, though no friend to Rome; and in the words of Hazlitt:

> All that he pretends to is commonsense and common honesty; and a greater compliment cannot be paid to these than the attention with which he is listened to in the House of Commons. We cannot conceive a higher proof of courage than the saying things which he has been known to say there. . . . He could not have uttered what he often did there, if, besides his general respectability, he had not been a very honest, a very good-tempered, and a very good-looking man.

Disraeli called him "the greatest gentleman I ever knew," and Hazlitt, in the same context, "one of the few remaining examples of the old English understanding and old English character."

Only when Mr. Patterson's narrative has to pass into the bog of party politics, into the ins and outs of ministerial changes, does it become trivial or dull. For the general reader, however, there are compensating sweets.

The second theme in the narrative is the character of Mr. Coutts, who combined the odd ingredients of banking ability with an incorrigibly romantic heart. When he was young he had married the nursemaid of his brother's child, a beautiful creature who made him an excellent wife and whose lovely daughters were known as "the three Graces." These, Lady Burdett's sisters, both married peers, and the Coutts family was very united. Years after, when Mrs. Coutts had died after a long illness that had clouded her intellect, Mr. Coutts at once married in secret Harriott Mellon, the actress, who had enjoyed his friendship for years. The old gentleman was afraid to make the news known, and when he had revealed it there was a family uproar. The letters (here given) that passed between him, his daughters and Sir Francis, are an astonishing revelation of an English family quarrel, and the harmony of the Coutts family was for some years at an end. Sir Francis, alas, does not shine in this story, but the correspondence is worthy of Richardson

and as fascinating as a good novel. With Lady Oxford, Horne Tooke, Lord Cochrane's affair, Burdett's duel with Paull, his tour in Ireland, with Mr. Coutts' confidential relations with the Court and with his own domestic crisis, the political narrative is rich in comic relief. On these obvious sweets we must not linger, but conclude with the end of Burdett's public career and its lessons for us to-day.

Once 1832 had accomplished the reform of Parliament, Sir Francis, now in his sixty-third year, kept comparatively quiet and gravitated toward the Duke of Wellington. The real Radicals were disappointed with him because he called a halt. He immediately accepted their suggestion and resigned his seat, to be returned at once though with a reduced majority. In 1839 he urged that the Chartist prisoners should not be treated with harsh severity; he opposed the Poor Law of 1834; and continued to support the Corn Laws and the landed interest, and (unlike Wilberforce or Gladstone) remarked that "it would be as easy to make a case against some overseers of the poor as against the West India planters." As Disraeli's biographer is quoted: "both had been Radicals and Reformers when Toryism was unregenerate; both became Tories when Toryism had recovered its vitality." The threads of his convictions are thus summarized by Mr. Patterson:

> He was no believer in *a priori* speculations. What he wanted throughout was a return to the ancient principles of the Constitution. He wanted a real King; he loathed the usurpations of the "Venetian" oligarchy; he was a believer in Democracy; while respecting the rights of the House of Lords, he wanted a House of Commons that would really represent the people.

Clearly he remains an inspiring figure to-day, and as political abuses through corruption were the sins of his time, we cannot doubt that he would have turned on the parallel abuses of ours. He would have denounced the sale of honours; he would have called for a public audit of the Party funds; he would have pressed for a proper

inquiry into such matters as the Marconi scandal. He would have found an independent seat and have declined to give pledges; he would have worried for a new reform Bill to remove the clogs on parliamentary procedure; like Mussolini, he would have tried to bridge the gulf between economics and politics and to organize politically the industrial interests of the State. He would have been a bad party man and a good patriot, and been abused in turn by both extremes. By setting him and his times before us Mr. Patterson has done well, and in the light of his accomplishment we must not lament too much that the public career has dwarfed the portrait, for the public career was one of the few that are disinterested and unrewarded, a reality and not a sham. The book will take a high place among our standard biographies, for it does not conceal the weak places in its man.

Rivals in Canada

By William Teeling

THE Canadian before the Imperial Conference of 1930 had a feeling that an agreement with Great Britain might mean a large inflow of English money into Canada. He would then not have to rely almost solely on the United States to provide him with funds. There was not only affection for England in his reasoning. Nobody wants all his eggs in one basket. If England and America compete for the Canadian market, Canada will make better terms. Canada still hopes to get enough trade agreements, if not with England, at any rate with other parts of the Empire, to give her a sufficient market to justify the continuation of a high tariff wall, until her manufacturers are strong enough to compete with the United States and Great Britain in the markets of the Orient, South America, and wherever there is an opening field.

"If you would only study our market." I was told on all sides. Two suggestions were made. In the first place where a tariff was raised against a particular article, English companies should start branch factories in Canada, and even go so far as to close down factories in England, and transfer themselves to Canada. Then Canadians would gladly buy such English goods. Secondly, if we paid better attention to the Canadian market, we would find there were many articles in Britain, that if properly advertised would sell well in Canada.

The second argument is only too true. The English salesman does not know how to advertise and sell his goods in Canada. But could he ever know—or have the advertising material ? Many Canadians, scarcely realizing it, are developing an American mentality. They do not want to buy goods for permanency; goods that will last. They want the mass-production goods, with change and variety within a few months. How can the Englishman be expected to produce these ? Whatever the type of goods may be, he will be producing for a

country with a population of, at most, ten millions—scattered across a continent with high freight costs in transportation. His own English market will not want that type of goods, it wants something lasting longer; nor will the Latin customer of South America and of Europe, nor, probably, the Oriental. On the other hand the United States caters for just such a market, a market of one hundred and twenty million people; and this extra addition of ten million people at her doorstep, with the same North American mentality, is a welcome asset. There are throughout Canada a number of people who prefer to purchase direct from England; they may do so whatever happens, but they would be the first people to admit that they are not a large enough or concentrated enough market to justify special factories. Lastly, to advertise an article as having a large sale in London, means less to many Canadians than that a similar article is selling well in New York.

I was fortunate enough to see both the Toronto Summer Exhibition and the Winter Fair. The stand of the Federation of British Industries interested me most. It seemed to be full of soap stands, chocolate stands, biscuit stands and the like, and I was forcibly reminded of Bernard Shaw's play in which the King tries to explain to his unbelieving Cabinet that a nation making nothing but luxury articles, selling them abroad, and living on the proceeds, is in the greatest danger, should any country decide they did not require such luxuries.

The Federation of British Industries will not allow any company to exhibit under their auspices, unless they have accredited agents in Canada. That is why so few British firms are represented. But there is this added serious difficulty. For more substantial articles, Canada has its own factories and, waiting at its door for the surplus orders, the United States. The first suggestion —that Englishmen should start branches in Canada and that they should even go so far as to close down their English plant—can have no appeal to an Englishman keen

to solve the unemployment problem in his own country. It could only be of assistance if it meant immigration from Great Britain to follow the capital. For this a revision of the existing immigration laws, unlikely to be granted, would be necessary. Probably only skilled workers would be required, and they are mostly still profitably employed at home. It might mean orders for other goods from Britain, but with the uncertainty of Canadian tariff legislation in the future, and the tendency in Canada to try to start every form of new industry for itself, even this future would be problematical.

The British financier, however, who is looking for a fresh outlet for his money, would not necessarily be burdened with these considerations, nor need the British business man, who can see a definite profit in the placing of a few immediate orders in Canada without the bother of putting up an assembly plant, or having the worry of supplying spare parts. Even he, however, is inclined to ask the Canadian buyers to pay in advance. The Canadian naturally resents it, but he should remember that there are so many Canadian firms working to-day on a small capital, and with small reserves, that it is natural for the seller, with such a long distance to haul his wares, to be shy of granting long credits.

According to the Canadian Dominion Bureau of Statistics the amount of United States capital invested in Canada in 1929 was $3,400,000,000, the amount of British capital $2,210,000,000, and that from other countries $250,000,000. When, therefore, the question of foreign capital arises in Canada, the two great suppliers are England and the United States. The rest of the world is temporarily not in serious competition. The figures, compiled from various sources, show that in 1913 the figures were United States $650,000,000, Great Britain $2,500,000,000, other countries $175,000,000. Great Britain in her investments has remained almost stationary, has in fact declined $290,000,000. Whereas the United States has increased phenomenally.

The British tendency has been to invest in Canadian bonds, which gives it no control over Canadian industry, if the bond interest is met, whereas the United States not only largely invests first in Canadian bonds, but secondly, and to a great extent in stock, which does give them a very considerable say in the management of the particular companies in which they are interested. The British investment in Canadian Government Securities was $545,118,000 in 1929, that of the United States $758,075,000, and the British investment in Canadian railways $870,523,000, that of the United States $638,384,000, which leaves only 36 per cent. of the British money invested, to go to industries and other public utilities than the railways, whereas it leaves over 58 per cent. for the United States.

Hydro-electric power is likely for many years to come to be a vital necessity in the development of a new country and in cheap production. It is interesting to note that of the remaining percentages to be invested in industry for the public utilities of Canada, which include traction, light, heat, power, telephone, etc., England only supplies $80,146,000, 3·6 per cent. of her total investment and the United States supplies $326,710,000, 9·6 per cent. of her total. Since 1926 the total of English money invested in such utilities has decreased from $123,260,000 to its present figure of $80,146,000 and the United States money has increased from $182,876,000 to $326,710,000 in the same period. It is perhaps the most remarkable feature in the development of United States investment in Canada.

The Washington Department of Commerce reveals that the United States controls about 38 Canadian electricity, gas, power, light and street railway properties with an aggregate value of about $192,000,000. These properties are controlled by large American systems which have acquired properties in Canada all the way from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to British Columbia. They have still nearly $135,000,000 invested in other similar systems.

The English have invested $61,496,000 in the pulp, paper and lumber industry, and in this have in proportion increased their interest in recent years more than the United States which has, however, invested $485,390,000. The English have $109,137,000 against the United States' $256,800,000 invested in mining; the small sum of $52,115,000 against the United States $259,612,000, in the metal industries, and they have increased their investment in trading establishments since 1926 from $39,403,000 to $69,131,000, whereas the United States has here remained almost stationary increasing only from $144,312,000 to $157,552,000 in the same period.

So much for actual figures. The experience of the Grand Trunk Railways embittered not a few people in England, and it might be argued that that experience has made the British capitalist a little shy of public utilities, especially when there is always a certain agitation going on to have public utility companies where possible at least partly under the control of the Provincial Government. Moreover, the British investor in bonds often finds a higher yield in Europe, with which he is more familiar. There is, however, more English money invested in Canadian finance and insurance than United States money, and strong influences are at work in both Toronto and Montreal to work out schemes that would interest the English taxpayer, whether in escaping death duties which in England are increasingly onerous, or income and super-tax, which even Mr. Snowden admits have reached their limit.

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

[*This month the extracts from the diary kept by Mr. Charles Fiddington are continued. In my capacity as Editor of the diary, I have added a footnote here and there.*]

June 23rd.—I have been rather interested in a book about a philosophy—or perhaps I ought to say a religion—called Behaviourism. It is by a Mr. John B. Watson, and is published by Kegan Paul. The publishers of the book call it the major contribution of America to experimental psychology, and the author suggests, or even claims, that there is no such thing as thought, if I understand him rightly. Of course, if this were ever demonstrated to be true, we should have to reconstruct our whole ideas of human life.

The author describes a number of experiments with children, one of which is to "condition" them with "a severe burn," but he admits that this "involves always a severe reaction." Now this seems to me to touch on all the new ideas about the education of children. It may sound absurd at first,* set down in cold print, but one cannot afford to dismiss any speculation, however fantastic it may seem, with a laugh. The only point that strikes me is that in a school of the type of Lord Russell's, where nobody is compelled to attend lessons, it might be difficult to persuade the pupils to submit to a "severe burning." Gradual and careful preparation of the mind would be essential. But then, if there is no thought, probably there is no mind. So where are we?

June 26th.—Diet is one of the most important problems in our lives to-day, and it is good news that medical research has penetrated even among the African tribes. The result of the work of two doctors has been embodied in a pamphlet published by the Medical Research Council. Their task was not an easy one, since the backward

* It does.

natives have not sufficient education to enable them to understand the importance of giving up their children for the purpose of the usual scientific experiments, such as measuring, tapping, prodding, grading and card-indexing. But it is difficult to see how else Science could have arrived at the important knowledge that the Kikuyu has a calcium deficiency, and that there is a superfluity of carbohydrates in his food, because he does not eat enough green vegetables.* Over and over again it has been demonstrated that the old idea of eating ordinary food belongs to the past. It is all a question of balance and proportion, and keeping up with new theories. And what is good enough for us is surely good enough for the Kikuyu and the Masai. Britain must carry the blood-test and the examination of the whites of the eyes into the remotest corner of her possessions.

June 28th.—It was left to a Congregational Minister, Rev. T. Rhondda Williams of Brighton, in war-time, to denounce the war as un-Christian.

(I cut this out of a letter in *Time and Tide*. If it was really so, it strikes me as most remarkable.)

June 29th.—In following the cricket situation I am struck by the difference in method between the Northern teams, such as Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Southern teams, such as Kent and Sussex, or even the Midland teams like Gloucestershire and Notts. The North seems to play with far more care and concentration, and less as though the county championship were a sort of practical joke. Now cricket to-day, apart from village matches, which nobody would dream of taking seriously, is a science. Aren't we rather apt to forget that? At least, aren't the more careless of our county teams apt to forget it?

July 1st.—A friend of mine is rather troubled about his daughter, and has consulted me. Apparently the girl, who is twenty-one, wants to enter for what they call

* *See* "Vegetable Days and Vegetable Ways," and "The Green Way to Health and Efficiency," by Mrs. E. F. N. Quelland.

a Dancing Marathon, but her father does not know whether he ought to allow it. "After all," he said to me, "what right have I to dissuade her? She says she is sick of doing nothing, and she's old enough to know her own mind. It's true I don't know much about her partner, but as they will be doing nothing but dance for six days and nights, I suppose it's all right." I asked him what the girl's mother had to say, and he answered, "She says that she'd go in for it herself if only she hadn't got a Young Walking Women's Association Summer School Camp and Jamboree to attend."* I told him that I thought he ought to see that his daughter stops after, say, 80 hours, for the sake of her health.

July 3rd.—The reception accorded, a week or two ago, to Mr. W. R. Hearst, the great American, has shown that England knows when to swallow her pride. No mention was made in our newspapers of the fact that Mr. Hearst was kicked out of France not long ago, since it is most important for us not to offend our cousins over the sea. Nor was any mention made of the frequent insults offered by Mr. Hearst's newspapers to English institutions. No country in the world can rival England in allowing bygones to be bygones.

July 4th.—I came across the other day an article by Mr. Osbert Sitwell,† in which he said: "Miss Gertrude Stein, without being easily intelligible, is extremely readable; that is, she is a born writer, and once the reader's eye has lit upon a word she has written, he continues to be interested and therefore to read on." Anybody can test the truth of this piece of criticism by reading Miss Stein. I at once turned to a justly famous passage which I marked some time ago—the one beginning, "If he he he he he he he he he . . ." Even if that is not intelligible, anybody can read it with ease. Anyhow, true it is that when once the reader's eye has lit upon one word, he continues to read on. The charm

* A branch of the Youth Hostel, Hiking and Christian Fun Society.
† Sir Oswald Mosley's boy scout.

and power of Miss Stein's writing dispels the old Victorian idea that good prose must be pellucid, and that it is an author's business to make himself intelligible. So here, it seems to me, is the chance for a young writer, bursting to express himself, to do away with the labour of creation. Let him put down upon the paper words as they occur to him, in the ferocious chaos which is true inspiration.*

July 6th.—Glancing through the morning and evening papers, one is struck by the British determination to carry on in spite of the state of affairs in our own and almost every other country. The other night I went all down the length of a long West End thoroughfare and looked at every poster. Racing and cricket and tennis, accidents and crimes monopolized them. Not a hint of anything that might make the jaded office-worker think was permitted to creep into the chronicle of events. This keeps our people cheerful.

July 7th.—The traffic situation grows more and more interesting, and sooner or later there is bound to be a clash of opinion between those who are in favour of making the traffic fit the streets, and those who would rather make the streets fit the traffic. The first school of thought wants to direct the vehicles into certain channels, irrespective of their destinations, and to relieve one street by blocking another. The second school of thought wants to pull down all buildings in order to widen streets. There is even a third school, an extreme left wing, which suggests hollowing out a great open space in the middle of London, and confining traffic to that space; a short-sighted remedy, surely. I am inclined to agree with the Minister of Transport, who said the other day, in a trenchant speech, "Somebody will have to do something soon."† This fighting challenge was described by the Press as a bombshell. Here, surely, is work for a Committee of Experts, among whom should be included those who

* Mr. Fiddington, I fancy, heard this phrase at a party in Chelsea.
† He has often said this before. It is called "Hitting Out."

have made such a close study of the new Charing Cross Bridge for the last seven years.

July 9th.—Recent flying achievements suggest that the day may come when a man will be able to fly round the world, if not without stopping, at any rate without taking any notice of the country over which he passes or in which he lands for a few brief moments. As high-speed flying becomes more popular and more practicable travel will be revolutionized, and nobody will feel constrained to look at pictures or Cathedrals or Castles, or to bother about history. The old boast, "Yes. We saw the Doge's Palace," will be superseded by a new boast, "No, we never noticed Italy," a proof of speed and altitude.

July 10th.—Mr. Selfridge was reported some time ago as having said scornfully, "Who wants a pension"? And Mr. Pierpoint Morgan has just announced that he is not conscious of any depression in the business world. These heroic utterances by men who have fought and won should be a lesson to their less fortunate fellows. If a man of Mr. Selfridge's calibre rejects the petty consolation of a pension, the man of less dazzling gifts should think twice before saddling himself with the disgraceful burden of a pittance which he is too old to earn. Mr. Selfridge has given a courageous lead. Whoever imagines that such a man would demean himself, if he retired to-morrow, by taking his place in a queue for a few shillings a week?

July 11th.—I heard to-day that the B.B.C. is to broadcast a series of lectures in praise of wine, as a departure from the routine of their usual programmes.*

July 12th.—Liberal Party rallying again, according to my paper.

July 14th.—I copied this lovely poem out of a review the other day. How it sings!

> They cannot know how definite
> Is moon or sun, who do not know

* This can hardly be true. Mrs. Snowden would not allow it.

The large, inviolable thoughts that made
Deserts of our defeated minds.
The ebb and flow of human stuff,
The weft and woof of experience,
The dream and the high residue
Of Youth's translucence, age's cold.
They cannot know how definite
Is moon or sun or star's fixed stance
In the untamed inviolable
Thoughts that inhabit minds at war.*

On a first reading it is a little obscure, but let us remember what has been said about intelligibility and readableness. Poetry is not for the masses, anyhow.

July 15th.—Lord Russell and Mr. Norman Haire have been asked to edit a life of Mr. William Gerhardi, written by Miss Ethel Mannin.

July 16th.—The fashion for longer sermons, which the Americans are endeavouring to set, should give youth a little sorely-needed discipline. Some time ago Archbishop Kenworthy of the Progressive Church of Christ, preached for twenty-one hours and five minutes, and claimed to have broken all records. But an objection was lodged against the claim by the Rev. A. F. Futterer of the Holy Land Bible Knowledge Society. Mr. Futterer denied that the Archbishop had broken the record, and said, "He did not follow the rules. I am still the champion, with my twenty-hours' sermon. The Archbishop drank milk and egg at intervals, used notes, and, for four hours, read from a manuscript; finally his harangue wasn't a sermon at all, since he used destructive criticism." The comment of the Assistant Secretary of the Los Angeles Church Federation was: "Both the disputants seem certain that they should receive credit for something, but neither of them seems certain what it is. Maybe there is need of stricter rules." Maybe. But I think there is a regrettable tendency to think more of the preacher than of the congregation. Surely, it

* This poem appears to me to be completely meaningless. But Mr. Fiddington is entitled to his opinions.

should be stipulated that a certain amount of people must listen to the sermons, even when they go on for twenty hours. Otherwise there is hardly any point in the business. I see, however, that the Rev. C. Holstev has just preached for twenty-six hours without food, drink, or sleep. He was carried from the pulpit at the end of his ordeal in delirium, and ambulance men had to be summoned to attend to many of the congregation. The Mayor of Seattle said, "Anyway, this new show is a darned sight healthier than sitting in trees. Nobody can say how many souls it benefits."

It is, perhaps, significant that in a recently published pamphlet called "The Future of Athletics," a whole section is devoted to long-distance preaching.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

IN spite of Mr. Hoover's intervention the affairs of Europe have become infinitely more complicated during the past month. The British public, which is worse informed on international problems than any of its neighbours, thanks to the attitude of a large section of the Press, is undoubtedly bewildered at the progress of events, for it has for so long been taught to believe in the unfailing virtues of a "gesture," a "formula," or a "compromise" that it is somewhat disconcerted to find that there really is no easy way out of the world's difficulties. It remains, indeed, to be seen whether Mr. Hoover's action was not twelve months too late, but it has clearly raised problems that, if not very considerable in themselves, may well prove to be too much for the statesmen who control the destinies of the world to-day.

No magic wand, not even the fountain-pen of the President of the United States, can determine the fate of mankind, and the moratorium of war debts is in the nature of an armistice rather than of a treaty of peace. It is, in short, not an end in itself, but, if rightly used, it may prove to be the means to an end. At the same time, it would be idle to deny that it is bound to have other than purely financial repercussions, with the result that during the next few months the world is obviously about to pass through a period of uncertainty comparable in more ways than one to that which elapsed between the conclusion of the Armistice in November, 1918, and the signature of the Treaty of Versailles in the summer of the following year.

Such being the case, we must sorrowfully admit that our forefathers were wiser men than we are, for in 1828, thirteen years after Waterloo, Europe was looking forward, not back, and the problems of the war period had been solved. Lord Liverpool did not appear on a platform with Earl Grey and Sir Francis Burdett to plead the cause of peace, but he adopted a policy that ensured it.

What Is At Issue

AT bottom, the problem of the future of Germany is not difficult. The consequence of the inflation and of the subsequent revalorization of the currency was that there was no capital left in the country, and recourse was of necessity had to foreign financiers, principally to those of the United States. When the slump came, and Germany was involved in it, these foreign holdings became imperilled, and Mr. Hoover proposed a moratorium, not for altruistic reasons, but because he thought this was the only way to save the investments which his fellow-countrymen have made in Germany. The cartoon which appeared the other day representing the President as the rescuer of the German Michel from drowning, and as replying to those who acclaimed him as chivalrous with the remark: "Chivalry be damned; he owes me money," but depicted the truth.

The difficulty is that Germany must have long-term loans if foreign capital is to be of any real help, and the wild speeches of the leaders of the National Socialist party have made the foreign investor fearful of locking up money in the country for any considerable period. Thus, it is no exaggeration to say that in origin the flight from the mark was political rather than economic, and it may be dated from the Nazi victories at the elections last September. It may well be that, like many another politician, Hitler would prove far more moderate in office than out of it, but the foreign capitalist is not taking any risks.

Furthermore, Stresemann has not had a successor, and Brüning and Curtius, as Baron William de Ropp pointed out in these columns last month, have committed almost every possible blunder. They could have conciliated France by not proposing the Customs Union with Austria, or they could have rallied the Right by refusing to refer it to The Hague; they tried a middle course, and so have made the worst of both worlds.

The French Position

SUCH being the case, it is ridiculous to blame France for interfering in German internal affairs because she refused to lend money on what may be termed the borrower's note of hand alone. If the United States is justified in demanding the disarmament of Europe as the *sine qua non* of financial support, then France and Italy, for the latter is in substantial agreement with the former on this point, are justified in seeking an assurance that any money saved by the moratorium shall not be spent upon increased armaments. I do not lend a man a fiver to dine at the Ritz, but to buy necessities, and no one reviles me as a heartless brute because I insist that he shall so spend it. The same applies to financial assistance to Germany; and the Frenchman and the Italian are not going to see their money spent on munitions that may be used against them.

In view of the fact that the Disarmament Conference meets as soon as February it is not surprising that German good faith should be called into question in France. Indeed, the long and short of the whole business is that the vast mass of French people, rightly or wrongly, believe that the old pre-war spirit is stirring again on the other side of the Rhine, and it cannot be denied that German policy of late has lent considerable colour to such a suspicion.

If evidence of this hardening of the French heart be wanted, it can be seen in the changed attitude of M. Briand. We are a long way now from the famous conversations at Thoiry, and not so much has been heard of Lafayette since the United States became so anxious that France should pull the American chestnuts out of the German fire. Lastly, there can be no doubt that M. Laval and his colleagues are far more moderate than the overwhelming majority of the French people.

Where Great Britain Stands

THE signature of Sir Austen Chamberlain to the Locarno Pact rendered it, fortunately or unfor-

tunately, inevitable that Great Britain should be concerned in such complications as the present, even were the financial issues at stake not such as to render a policy of isolation, splendid or otherwise, impracticable. It is, indeed, to be regretted that the country lacks a strong Foreign Secretary, for if ever there was an opportunity for Great Britain to act the "honest broker" it is to-day; instead, however, Mr. Henderson, presumably in the belief that the honour of the Empire has been satisfied by his own election to the chairmanship of the coming Disarmament Conference, has allowed the initiative to pass into the hands of others, and it is significant that Mr. Stimson's first visit to a European capital was to Rome.

Mr. MacDonald's administration has shown itself so careless of British interests in other spheres, and so eager to seize a party advantage, that one cannot repose much confidence in its handling of the Hoover moratorium. Nevertheless, the way of Downing Street should be clear, and it is not to sacrifice the substance of friendship with Italy and France for the shadow of an understanding with a Germany that is divided against itself.

The Spanish Question

THE news from Spain is scanty, but it is all of a piece. In every part of the country there are strikes organized by the Communist *Sindicato Unico*, not for economic, but for political, reasons. The Communists are leaving no stone unturned both in the urban and rural districts to wrest the hegemony of the masses from the Socialists, and the refusal of the latter to act in the new Cortes with the more moderate elements of the Left is due to the fear that any such co-operation would be represented by the Communists as a betrayal of the interests of the proletariat. The result is that the whole of Spain has become the battle-ground of the Socialists and Communists, and the consequent dislocation of the national

trade and industry is increasing the distress upon which extremism always thrives. This, of course, plays into the hands of the Communists, who are adopting the same methods, namely, terrorism and sudden strikes, that proved successful in Russia in 1917, and brought them so near to victory in Italy in the three years that preceded the Fascist march on Rome.

The elections for the Cortes were the farce that they were expected to be, and that section of the British Press which hailed what it was pleased to describe as a Republican triumph misled its readers, for not only were the Royalists intimidated into withdrawing their candidates, but less than half the electorate took the trouble to vote. Historical parallels are invariably dangerous, but it is difficult to ignore the resemblance which the Second Spanish Republic is beginning to bear to the First, and the comparison is likely to be strengthened as soon as the Cortes has got down to its work. Perhaps, indeed, General Sanjurjo will push it still further by following the action of General Pavia, and turn out the deputies in the interests of the nation.

Should King Alfonso Abdicate?

IN these circumstances, it seems only too probable that Spain may, like more than one of her daughter-States in Latin America, alternate between extremes of anarchy and despotism, for the Spanish character, both in the New World and in the Old, has an innate tendency to pass from the one to the other, for reasons which do not concern us here. The only course which could check such an unfortunate development would be the re-establishment of the monarchy, and in this connection it is interesting to note that even Simon Bolivar did not believe that republicanism was a practicable form of government for his fellow-countrymen.

At the same time, it would be idle to deny that there are very considerable difficulties in the way of a Restoration. Rightly or wrongly, King Alfonso is blamed for the

present plight of his country, and that not alone by the parties of the Left; while it is a significant fact that the only monarchist candidates who were returned at the elections were those who were pledged to support the Pretender, Don Jaime de Bourbon, who obviously enjoys a wide measure of popularity in Navarre. Such being the case, it seems clear that the first step in the direction of a Restoration must be the attainment of unity by the supporters of the throne.

The situation resembles that in the French Royal family in 1873, when the Comte de Paris, the grandson of King Louis Philippe, recognized the Comte de Chambord, the grandson of King Charles X, as the head of the family, and was in turn recognized as the latter's heir. If King Alfonso could see his way to adopt the policy of his grandmother after the Revolution of 1868, and abdicate in favour of his son, in this case the third son, Don Juan, now a cadet at Dartmouth, and if the latter could come to the same arrangement with Don Jaime, who is childless, that was reached between the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris, the future of Spain would be brighter than it has been for many a long day. At any rate, that unhappy country would possess an alternative to military despotism or a Bolshevist dictatorship when the present system proves unworkable.

The Russian Enigma

THE veil which has shrouded Russia for the past fourteen years was to some extent drawn aside the other day when Stalin announced what was, to all intents and purposes, a complete reversal of the policy which has been pursued by the Bolshevists ever since they attained power. The stress has been placed by the Press of Central and Western Europe upon various parts of his speech, but there can be little doubt that the most significant passages were the declaration that in future the fervour of a man's Communistic belief would not be the sole, or even the principal, consideration

in his appointment to an executive post, at any rate in industry. In ordinary language this means that the Five Years' Plan is in danger of failure because too many incompetents have been jobbed into responsible positions for political reasons.

It is, of course, only too true that corruption of this nature is the *damnosa hereditas* of Russia, and it is interesting to note that it is as prevalent under the Bolshevists as it was under the Czars. Bismarck's famous gibe about "Austria and her idiot Archdukes" might have been made with more force in respect of Russia, for whereas, after the Napoleonic wars, the archdukes were not given posts of any real responsibility, Russian grand dukes, and their modern equivalents the commissars, have been allowed to have their fingers in every pie, with the result that the present ruler of Russia has been compelled, as it were, to put the whole governmental machine into reverse.

It is manifestly too early to say yet what effect this will have upon the political and economic development of the country, but it is bound to have serious repercussions upon the Communist party. Lip-service will still be paid to the Marxian theory, but gradually an increasing number of men will come to the top who are only Communists in name. What will happen then is on the knees of the gods, but, in any event, it seems clear that a new era has begun in the history of Red Russia.

A Timely Reminder

A BOOK that has certainly not attracted the attention on this side of the Channel which is its due is *Souvenirs sur le Comte de Chambord*, by Comte René de Monti de Rezé (Paris, Editions Emile-Paul Frères, 22 francs). The author was in attendance upon the Comte de Chambord during the later years of the latter's life, and he draws a picture of Henri V which is none the less true for being somewhat unfamiliar. Lack of ambition, rather than lack of intelligence, prevented the

enfant du miracle from fulfilling the hopes which had been formed of him, and even his attitude on the flag question was a tribute to his heart more than evidence of stupidity. It is, at any rate, quite clear from this book that those who knew him best loved him most, though his policy in 1873, when the throne of France was his for the asking, obviously tried them sorely.

The importance, however, of Comte René de Monti de Rezé's narrative lies in the evidence which it contains of the divisions on the Right, divisions that paved the way for the triumph of the Left and the consolidation of the Third Republic. The lesson of the failure of French Royalism in the seventies of last century is so obvious that one would have thought that it would have been taken to heart, and yet in the present year the Spanish monarchy has fallen almost entirely because its supporters could not agree among themselves. Indeed, it is not too much to say that if the parties of the Right in Europe would only pull together, both nationally and internationally, the power of the Left for mischief would be reduced by some 50 per cent.

However unseemly were the quarrels round the bier of the Comte de Chambord recorded in this volume, they are a timely reminder for the present generation of the dangers of disunion. How many revolutions have taken place, not because the forces of disorder were strong, but because the supporters of the existing regime were divided, it is difficult to say, and, unhappily, there is no reason to suppose that the number is by any means complete.

Literary Notes

THE death of John Bailey removes one of the sanest of modern critics, as well as a devoted patriot who served many good causes, including that of the National Trust, of which he was chairman. He was a sound classical scholar, with a comprehensive grasp of politics and history: his judgment was cool, and he was naturally as equable and just as he was sensitive: the result was a body of criticism which was full of "sweetness and light," catholic in appreciation, and eminently sensible without a trace of dullness. He delivered (I think to the British Academy) a lecture on "Commonplace in Poetry" which true poets hailed with a sigh of relief. "Commonplace in Criticism" might be said to indicate his own supreme virtue; he had a firm grasp on all the fundamental principles of art, and the fundamental truths about human life, the neglect of which is so fatal to literature, and so common in the present rather spasmodic age.

* * *

¶ I think that, were I to recommend an example of his work at its best, I should not suggest the beautiful little book on Milton in the Home University Library, nor yet the admirable book on Shakespeare. My choice would be the Walt Whitman in the English Men of Letters Series. There have been many books about Whitman, mostly by persons lacking in æsthetic sense, enthusiastic devotees, and solemn dupes of the rhetorical ideology of Walt. But a man is not necessarily a great poet because he believes in democracy, the future of America, or a freer morality, or because he can make neat epigrams against the existing order. Bailey, to many who did not know him well, seemed a strange choice for a volume on Whitman: he so obviously disliked the crude and the raucous and was so obviously conservative and traditional in his outlook. But the book was a great success. The true poetry was unerringly sifted from the interesting

prose and the mere exuberant rubbish; while the character and thought of the man were outlined and analysed with the utmost fairness and sympathy. Much of his journalistic work was done anonymously, and he always avoided the over-emphasis, extravagance and paradox which, in a noisy competitive age, are almost necessary if a man is to attract attention. In person, Bailey was a spare, pale man with keen eyes and a straggly moustache, eager in talk, a passionate lover of beauty, but always responsive to humour.

* * *

Bailey would have made a first-class Professor of Literature at one of the Universities. He did, in point of fact, stand for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, but was beaten by Professor Garrod. A far older critic, Mr. George Saintsbury, who is still zealous and still writing at eighty-six, has just been honoured in a manner very rare when a man is still alive. There have been held, first, a large dinner of authors, wine merchants and connoisseurs of books and wine, and then a Conservative luncheon. As an outcome of these a Saintsbury Club has been formed with these objects:

(*a*) To honour the name and work of George Saintsbury by bringing together men whose love of wine and letters is catholic and articulate.

(*b*) To publish occasional volumes bearing upon the allied subjects of wine and literature.

(*c*) To build up a cellar of interesting wine, for the delectation and instruction of the members.

(*d*) To afford members facilities for visiting famous vineyards under privileged conditions.

Membership will be by invitation only. The committee consists of three authors and two wine-merchants; and the author of "Notes on a Cellar Book" could not be more suitably commemorated. There is a Kipling Society. Otherwise, the only similar club in honour of a living writer that I can remember is the Browning Society

—which, if Mr. Max Beerbohm's cartoon of it drinking tea is to be relied upon, must have been a far less convivial body than the Saintsbury Club promises to be. It seems odd that a man who has performed such immense services to scholarship, living literature, and the Conservative spirit should never have been recognized by a British Government.

* * *

¶ At the end of September, there is going to be held at Australia House an Australian Authors' Week. Since Rolf Boldrewood, no Australian author generally known to be such has been widely read in England; Adam Lindsay Gordon was only in Australia for a few years and was a pretty bad poet anyhow. But Australia has produced more than people realize. Among living authors of Australian birth are Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. W. J. Turner and Mr. Frederic Manning, who wrote "Her Privates We." It would not be a bad idea to include a representative selection of work by Australian draughtsmen, such as Norman Lindsay, Phil May, Will Dyson and Low. Why Australia should produce excellent lady vocalists and black-and-white men I do not know: but there is the fact.

PETER PIPER.

Reviews of Books

THE PLEASURES OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER. By JOHN SWAIN. (Noel Douglas. 16s.)

THIS study on the technique of human cruelty is definitely disappointing. The author had a great and terrible subject, offering great and various opportunities; but these he has not fully taken. He might have given us a work of art, or a passionate indictment, or a frankly cynical or even a veiledly sadistic survey. Instead, he has produced a mere compilation; not without interest, not without value—as containing an assortment of out-of-the-way information not obtainable anywhere else within the compass of a single volume—but still, not more than a compilation. The sardonic intent vouched for on the fly-leaf is too well-hidden for at least one reader.

In such a study, citations and excerpts are no doubt essential, and some of the old historical ones add piquancy and reality; but when as much as half of a book consists of quotations from other books (Foxe, Froude, Dumas; Harrison Ainsworth far too abundantly), it gives the effect of nothing more than a stringing together of these, a mere commentary on a collection of texts. Perhaps this was intended.

This said, it may be allowed that Mr. Swain's aim—to pillory man's inhumanity to man, to expose the dismal verity of present-day practice and of "The Good Old Days" alike (though we think him unduly convinced of the greater villainy of the latter) —is more valuable than that of ninety-nine books out of a hundred. The insensate cruelty of men to each other is to be harped on without truce or reticence. Silence and averted eyes will never improve matters; if anything will; if anything ever will.

Impartiality, not always a virtue, was essential here. When both sides were cruel, it is defeating the whole object of such a study to *take* sides. A student of the religious history of the last four centuries could possibly, after a lifetime of research, decide, by a veriest hairsbreadth, that Catholics had been even crueller than Protestants. But Mr. Swain's bias is too evident. He mentions, very tersely, Cromwell's horrible doings at Drogheda, and then appears almost to defend them. The awful Protestant persecutions are scarcely alluded to, while dark Catholic misdeeds occupy a very considerable portion of the book. In dealing with the latter the author's partisanship once or twice indeed outruns his historical knowledge, as when he places the Camisard rising "at the beginning of the nineteenth century." German atrocities, also, are handled rather too one-sidedly, in the spirit of autumn 1914.

In quoting Aubert, however, who would show the Russian Bolsheviks as sadists amid a twentieth century of saints, the author's critical sense shrewdly asserts itself. I have nothing against Maître Aubert—I once received a graceful courtesy at his

hands—but his hatred of Soviet Russia only stops short this side lunacy, and his famous "documents" are at least as suspect as the Kremlin's own.

If Mr. Swain's prejudices, preferring the cruelty of these to those, sometimes defeat what is surely his aim, to inspire disgust at all cruelty, he is commendably free from servility before the great and powerful—free, for example, from that truckling to the United States which has, in England, weakened the hatred of iniquity ever since "Martin Chuzzlewit" was first sneered at, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first jeered at, since Trevelyan wrote his contemptible "history," right up to the conspiracy of silence about lynching that dishonours our (half-American-owned) public Press to-day. Mr. Swain's little instances of what exactly the Land of Freedom has meant to some of those born "free and equal" might be perused with profit by any who still seek moral leadership across the water; page 79 might advantageously be recommended to the Pilgrims, or other Anglo-Saxon beanfeasters, or reproduced by the ardent Astorian *Times* or *Observer*. And then, having put Midas in his place, we might recover ourselves, and ask, in the light of Mr. Swain's pages, what other nation of us has the right to throw a stone?

The book is beautifully produced and quaintly illustrated.

GEOFFREY DENNIS.

WOMEN AND POLITICS. By THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL. (Philip Allan. 6*s*.)

"WHAT'S the matter with the old man to-night?" said one Cabby to another as Gladstone walked wearily across Palace Yard.

"Jewish Wopse been a stinging of him again."

The Shavian wasp has had his share in the stinging of the Duchess of Atholl into writing "Women and Politics." Indeed, the book suffers somewhat from the fact that it is divided between being an essay on women in politics and an answer, not only to the "Intelligent Woman's Guide," but to Socialist concepts in general and Russia in particular.

This somehow seems to be out of place in such a thoughtful effort to bring home to enfranchised women the size of their new responsibilities. For to be conscientious voters they must "select the newspapers which report the speeches of members of all parties most fully, but where possible . . . rely on official information such as answers by Ministers in Parliament or reports of Government Departments, Royal Commissions and so forth." By this appreciation of the difficulties in the acquisition of political truth, she has unconsciously pierced the gaping joint in the armour of all democracy.

Apart from this, the book is a compact summary of social legislation in the last hundred years. Its best side is its insist-

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ence on character in education and ownership. But the writer's ready acceptance of much modern State socialism in this country makes one doubt how far character can be built on her lines. For instance, she believes compulsory insurance to be an inducement to voluntary thrift.

As a guide to bureaucrats and administrators the book is more useful than to the enquirer into politics. It is aseptic and *ad hoc* front bench conservatism. The writer has accepted as a general axiom the equality in State and Industry of men and women. Questions as to birth control and the sterilization of the unfit are not faced. There is no challenge as to the destination to which modern politics are leading us. Nor does she see the fallacy of women's complete freedom, when she demands the fullest protection of marriage laws for her sex only.

Finally, as the writer has partly overlooked the deep national and functional instincts and tradition in her programme for education, so she would have progress among African women on the lines of missionaries, whose horror of tribal customs is greater than their knowledge of tribal necessity.

To those women who want politics without tears and without smiles, this little book should prove a mine of information.

LYMINGTON.

THE UNREALISTS. By HARVEY WICKHAM. (Messrs. Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.)

MESSRS. Sheed & Ward, who have placed us all in their debt by publishing an English translation of the works of Jacques Maritain have been well advised to publish in the original American the works of another admirer of scholasticism, Mr. Harvey Wickham. The picturesque vigour of "The Unrealists" would be largely dissipated in an English translation.

I opened the book at the portrait of Mr. Bertrand Russell, under which I read the following engaging caption: "O, my little Augustine, everything's gone." I had not read very far before I perceived the burden of Mr. Wickham's lament. By the time that the irrationalists have finished with us "everything's gone," nothing remains of that objective God and objective universe in which Mr. Harvey Wickham so passionately believes.

Mr. Wickham is a little difficult to place. He believes in a personal God, but he does not commit himself on the question of Christianity. He is clearly more attracted to scholasticism than to any other philosophy, but he is not a Catholic. One thing at least is certain; he is a whole-hearted enemy of subjectivism in all its forms. He believes in an absolute God and in absolute standards, in a real objective world and in the distinction between spirit and matter. As a vigorous counter-blast to the irrationalism which undermines our confidence in reality, the book is more than welcome and more than opportune. "In the thought of the day," he writes, "all roads lead to Einstein. Apart from its proper and mathematical uses, the theory of relativity is merely an attempt to abolish standards."

His attack on Einstein is entertaining, but leaves us asking for more. I suspect that Mr. Wickham is no mathematician for he misses an obvious point in his criticism of Einstein's universe "finite and unbounded," a point which would take too many pages to develop in this review.

Mr. Wickham quotes a correspondent who wrote: "Whatever you do in your next book, be sure and give Whitehead hell." And hell, accordingly, is what Mr. Wickham does his best to give Professor Whitehead. Mr. Bertrand Russell, again, provides him with a splendid opening, of which he takes full advantage. There is plenty of good fun in the chapters on Bergson, Sanayana and Dewey.

Perhaps the most interesting of these essays is that in which Mr. Wickham attacks "Things Jimsian," by which he means the philosophy of the late William James. His criticism of William James cannot be dismissed as superficial nor praised as profound. Mr. Wickham makes some shrewd points, but does not penetrate very deep.

William James is motioned on to the stage by his lively impresario in a swelling paragraph of ironic panegyric. "James, the unmathematical but unmistakable precursor of Einstein—James, the but-half-acknowledged father of the New World—James, whose fame leaves the greater part of him still unsung—James, the super-journalist of our times—James, in whom so many of us all unwittingly live, move and try to have our mental being."

James preached war against the absolute. He was a supreme relativist. He endeavoured to dissolve the absolute into a loose, incoherent pluralistic universe. But what really irritates Mr. Wickham is the fact that James contrived to be accepted as a pillar of orthodoxy.

> Even to-day, if you offer the Jimsian dogma in its original vestments to a certain type of audience, there will be a comfortable settling back into seats which have suddenly become pews, and you will hear an audible purring, as over a pious morsel. He had the happy faculty of charming the unwary Fundamentalist while at the same time leading the Unbeliever's parade. The trick of weaving godly words into ungodly sentences.

But perhaps the unwary Fundamentalist was right. No philosopher rendered greater services than William James in mobilising opinion against that unimaginative and parochial rationalism which the twentieth century inherited from the nineteenth. It is easy to poke fun at William James' finite god, easy but unnecessary for Mr. H. G. Wells has killed James' deity—by adopting him. Fortunately James never lived to read Wells' unconscious travesty of his views in that very funny but very serious book, "God, the Invisible King."

Mr. Wickham forgets, however, that there is no form of theism which is not riddled with difficulties, difficulties only less great than those which confront the atheist. The Angelic Doctor, for instance, tied himself up into very large and complicated knots in his endeavour to reconcile free-will and omniscience, knots which James loosened by the simple expedient of denying omniscience. Our effective choice is not between a perfectly consistent and rational creed on the one hand and a collection of self-contradictory creeds on the other hand, but between a series of philosophical creeds each of which has its own insoluble difficulties and our choice, as James rightly insists, is ultimately determined by volition. That faith is the reward of courage which is prepared to take a chance on evidence which falls short of complete demonstration is a theory which numbers amongst its defenders not only William James but also Cardinal Newman and, indeed, a large number of the scholastics whom Mr. Wickham so much admires. The article on Faith in the Catholic Encyclopedia is, if my memory serves me right, permeated through and through by this contention.

I will conclude by quoting a few characteristic utterances of this breezy philosopher, in the hope that these quotations may be the means of introducing my readers to the book itself. Writing of God as the First Cause, Mr. Wickham says: "But to me . . . the Universe seems rather a big smoke not to have a bit of fire, nor can I quite follow those who suggest that the fire was caused by a lot of little smokes getting together."

"For myself, when it comes to thought, I vote for science first, last, and all the time. I should even like to see a little more of it in Science" . . . "If Luther, when he threw his ink-pot at the devil, had only *hit* him! . . ."

And if you want a definition of the one great truth which emerges undiminished from the mangle of relativity, I do not think you can improve on Mr. Wickham's definition: "Everything which happens, happens to happen in the way it does happen and not otherwise."

ARNOLD LUNN.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS. By JACQUES MARITAIN. (Sheed & Ward, 7s. 6d.)

IN his "Three Reformers" M. Maritain has brilliantly traced the intellectual history of the last four centuries and the philosophies produced therein under the names of angelism, agnosticism and naturalism. Under their guidance Europe has lost the key of eternity and if we are to find it again, M. Maritain would have us go back to that greatest of all Christian philosophers, St. Thomas Aquinas. In this volume he gives an excellent summary of the life and work of Aquinas which should persuade many of its readers to go further on this path of reason. While it is true that Aquinas in his own day had to deal with a natural science that was still in its infancy and therefore that much that he had to say about it is now beside the point, yet, on the other hand, his magnificent grip upon the still more important problems of human life and destiny is still unexceptionable and as valuable for this age as it was in his own. What we all just now so much want to know is whether the material order in which we so apparently live is a closed order or not. And modern religion as well as modern science would give anything to be able to answer this question in the negative. Neither of them can do so, the reason being that between them they have set the trap into which they themselves and all the modern world have fallen by its subjectivism, its agnosticism and its materialism. But Aquinas has opened the trap; and this is the unassailable claim which I think no future age and certainly not our own age can afford to neglect.

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Let us take just one instance of the many that lie within reach. I quote from Father Macnabb:

> Whilst Aquinas is always scientific in maintaining that all our [natural] knowledge comes to us through the senses and that our intellectual knowledge is an elaboration of sensible knowledge by the *active* intellect; yet he has a firm grasp of the *passive*—or what he calls the obediential—powers of the human intellect to receive knowledge without sensible imagery. Thus speaking of the soul when separated from the body, he says: "But when it is separated from the body it understands no longer by turning to phantasms [the representation in the mind of sensible objects] but by turning to simple intelligible objects." "Saint Thomas Aquinas," p. 93 (Basil Blackwell, 1925).

Here we have the contribution of Aquinas to the mystical, that is infused knowledge possessed by Christ *qua* man, and, in varying degrees, by all those who have the infused gifts of mystical prayer.

One could go on from point to point and show how Aquinas broke new ground and staked out a territory in that "no man's land" between the body and the spirit and the possibility of their relations, friendly or unfriendly, with the divine and, indeed, with the diabolic.

Maritain may do something for us in England as he has already done so much to influence contemporary French thought which is just as modern and may be even more acute than our own.

W. E. CAMPBELL.

THE PROBLEM OF DECADENCE. By GAMALIEL MILNER. (Williams & Norgate. 6s.)

THE subject of this book was never of greater interest than at the present time, when that small section of the community which does any serious thinking is becoming definitely alarmed at the symptoms of decay that are so noticeable in modern civilization. Mr. Milner begins by declaring that if history is to substantiate its claim to be regarded as a science it must contribute, not only to the interpretation of the past, but to the revealing of the future. It is, then, in this spirit that he approaches his task, and by an analytical examination of the fall of the Roman Empire he attempts to forecast in some measure the probable course of the world's progress during the coming centuries.

The author discusses in detail the various reasons that have been put forward for the decline of Imperial Rome, and he finds none of them really conclusive. He is doubtful if the taxation was as heavy as is commonly supposed; he points out that Gibbon must be wrong in blaming the decay off on Christianity in view of the fact that the former had begun long before the latter became the official religion; and he refuses to believe that the corruption which aroused the ire of Juvenal ever spread beyond the smart set in the capital itself. At the same time, there can be no doubt that in the fourth and fifth centuries the decline was more obvious in the towns than in the country, and it is upon the urban communities that a civilization depends. Mr. Milner is right in saying that the cities only accounted for a relatively small proportion of the population, but he does not quite realize that this proportion made up in influence for what it lacked in quantity. Athens counted for more in Greece than Arcadia or Thessaly, and Florence is infinitely more important in the history of Italian culture than the Abruzzi.

From this survey two facts emerge which have considerable bearing upon the problems of today. The wider civilization is spread the weaker does it become, and as soon as government ceases to look at least a generation ahead a period of decline is at hand. The culture of the City-State of Athens was far deeper than the Hellenism of Alexander's empire, just as in our own time democracy is steadily ruining literature and art. As for the second lesson, the dole at present, and universal peace, if it is ever attained, will have precisely the same effect as the *panem et circenses* of the Romans and the age of the Antonines: they will sap that very independence of the individual which it should be the duty of every government to preserve.

CHARLES PETRIE.

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HUMOUR AND FANTASY. By F. ANSTEY. (John Murray. 8s. 6d.)

"'Perhaps you will believe me,' he said impressively, 'when I tell you, old as I am and much as you envy me, I only wish, at this very moment, I could be a boy again like you. Going back to school wouldn't make me unhappy, I can tell you.'"

This quotation from "Vice Versa" would be equally in place in Samuel Butler's "The Way of all Flesh"; and it is significant that Mr. Anstey is the subject of one of the few genial references to a contemporary attributed to Samuel Butler in Festing Jones's Life. Among the literary causes of the diminished humbug and pomposity of the modern, as opposed to the Victorian, parent, Mr. Anstey's humorous parable is probably at least as important as the writings of Butler and Shaw. Butler and Shaw put weapons into the hands of the rebels. Mr. Anstey undermined the complacency of the oppressors.

In his introduction to this collection of his best humorous work, Mr. Anstey reminds us that it is now forty-nine years since "Vice Versa" was published. This is a greater interval of time than that between "Vice Versa" and the "Pickwick Papers." The gas-lit streets, the lumbering horse-buses, and musty four-wheelers, all the once solid background of Mr. Anstey's fantasies, are swallowed up in the past, and exist now only in the memory of the middle-aged and the imagination of the young.

How long will Mr. Anstey's humorous writings survive their vanished background? They seem to have every quality which ensures survival except that air of robust self-confidence which glows in the works of the great humorists from Rabelais to Dickens. Most humour derives from the contrast between what a man expects of life and what he gets. The humour of Mr. Anstey is based not on the disillusion after enjoyment, but on the frustration of the attempt to enjoy. He provides happy endings, of course, but the essence of his work is profoundly unhappy, everywhere suspense, baffling accidents, a straining as in dreams towards something which for ever eludes the grasp. With exquisite art and humour he deepens the embarrassment of his victims by the intervention of supernatural agents, whose powers even when used benevolently erect always new barriers between desire and enjoyment. His masterpiece in this style is "The Brass Bottle," the symbolism of which is exactly suited to his view of life.

Unassisted by humour, his imagination is too weighed down to transmute his melancholy. His serious books are perhaps already dead. It is difficult to believe that "The Brass Bottle" will not in time be given a secure place among the minor masterpieces of our literature.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

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GOD AND THE UNIVERSE: The Christian Position. A Symposium by REV. S. C. CARPENTER, D.D., REV. FATHER M. C. D'ARCY, S.J., M.A., REV. BERTRAM LEE WOOLF, PH.D., M.A., B.SC., B.D. Edited by J. LEWIS MAY. (John Lane. 3s. 6d.)

THESE essays, the Editor says, are both intended to cheer up Christians and addressed to those "who have no thought, and feel no need, of religion at all" (p. 16). Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Woolf—who speak respectively for the Anglican Church and for the Free Churches—are content to propose Christianity as worth trying. Dr. Woolf entitles his essay, "The Experimental Approach to Religion," and Dr. Carpenter says he does not "prove" his point "that Christ is the Saviour of mankind"; he but suggests it "for consideration, for experiment, and for adventure" (p. 66). Sandwiched between the two Pragmatists, Father D'Arcy alone stands steadfast in the faith. As regards him, I fear that his fear (p. 108) that he avoids the gravest difficulties is justified. He says, for instance, that miracles are well-attested. What does he mean? Well-attested also are many of the phenomena reported by spiritualists. The difficulty here is that to numerous persons today miracles are simply incredible. It is a difficulty Father D'Arcy entirely avoids.

The matter of miracles, however, is subordinate to the no doubt gravest of the gravest difficulties which prevent many

serious people from ceasing to "have no thought, and feel no need, of religion at all." How can one believe, they will ask, that there has indeed been revelation? Father D'Arcy indicates or suggests that the "philosophy" of Mr. Wells and Professor Julian Huxley is puerile and absurd. What is of more account, however, is that the people in question—among themselves—regard Father D'Arcy's own faith in miracles and revelation as equally puerile and absurd. The apologist cannot disturb them by mentioning, as he does (pp. 132–3), the case of two philosophers who each independently became convinced of the divinity of Christ after a reading of the Gospels in middle life, for evidently the grounds of conviction in this case are valid for nobody but each of the two philosophers concerned. And to offset their case, there is that of two other philosophers—Socrates and Aristotle—who remained to the end of their days without any "need of religion at all." It is only too easy to dispose of Mr. Wells and Professor Huxley; but of Socrates and Aristotle what has Father D'Arcy to say?

Of course I must not be taken to deny that it may well be we must believe in Christianity. But the compulsion does not emerge from this book. MONTGOMERY BELGION.

IN MY END IS MY BEGINNING. By MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

WHATEVER the cryptic inscription on Mary Stuart's chair signified, it provides an apt title for Mr. Baring's encircling narrative. Four times he tells, through the mouths of the four Maries, the story of Mary Stuart from her departure to France to marry the Dauphin, to her imprisonment at Lochleven; four times he recapitulates the same story of follies and crimes, concluding with a pendant describing the execution at Fotheringay.

It says much for Mr. Baring's skill that one begins each fresh narrative with eagerness. Yet each is concluded with faint disappointment, something is sought throughout and not found. These are not four stones, each laid justly in its place to build a memorial; they are four separate monuments, repeating the same design with skilfully varied emphasis, but laid side by side.

Mr. Baring disclaims either special knowledge or partisanship. He knows nothing, he says in his introduction, that is not common published knowledge; he is no more able than any other biographer to reconcile the conflicting accounts of Mary's character and behaviour, which is why he has chosen the quadruple method of presentation. The story, he claims justly, is good enough to tell again.

Certainly he tells it well. The period is admirably conveyed, without artifice or pedantry; the narrative is close-textured and convincing.

But there are some stories where the protagonists are larger than life and this is one of them. Nobody could reduce Ruthven or Moray or Bothwell to accepted standards of gentlemanly decorum; it is a pity that Mr. Baring's cultivated monochrome occasionally suggests the attempt. For with the starkness and the crudity has gone the glamour; this Mary is interesting but irritating. Whatever it was that moved the hearts of men is not here.

The evocation of glamour may not always be legitimate. It may, as in the case of Mr. Hergesheimer's South, call upon inexplicable reserves of emotion for reasons which, on analysis, seem inadequate. But the story of Mary Stuart, one out of the uncountable number of histories as strange and cruel and significant, has been kept alive by just this quality of glamour, which for all its subtlety and sober beauty, Mr. Baring's story lacks.

R. MILLAR.

NAVAL OPERATIONS. AN OFFICIAL HISTORY BY DIRECTION OF THE HISTORICAL SECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF IMPERIAL DEFENCE. Vol. V. 1917 TO ARMISTICE. (Longman's. 31s. 6d. net.)

IN this concluding Volume of the official History of the Naval Campaign, many secrets are laid bare, and many unpalatable truths leave the obscurity of rumour and hearsay for the clear light of historical fact. Sir Henry Newbolt, and his able and devoted assistants, have placed at the disposal of the Navy, and of the Public, a volume that will prove as absorbing in interest as it will prove salutary in the coming years. Reputations are made and marred in a manner that must be almost without precedent.

The background of the volume is the true story of the submarine campaign, and the truth of this remarkable and unique chapter in our long Naval History will be found to be stranger than the many fictions which have hitherto surrounded it. The historical account of the inveterate opposition to Convoy of the Admiralty and War Staff seems, in the light of after events, almost incredible. Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Maurice Hankey and Commander Henderson, as readers will learn, have placed the Nation under a great obligation. The triumphant success of Convoy, wherever and whenever instituted, relieves the almost unbroken account of failure and bitter disappointment. During the last year of the war the British Fleet was considered to be unfit to meet the relatively small German battle-fleet, and of our great fleet of nine battle-cruisers, the huge battle-cruiser "Renowns" were regarded as unfit to fight in the line owing to lack of protection.

Zeebrugge stands out as a shining exception to the prevailing policy of avoiding action; and the Dover Barrage under Sir Roger Keyes compares favourably with the other Barrages.

Space does not permit of dealing with this remarkable book in any detail, but readers will find in its pages the most devastating exposure of the Naval doctrines which Lord Fisher bred, and which live and thrive to-day. The doctrine of "The Fleet in Being"; the belief in the value of very high speed; the cult of bigness; the belief in fixed defences; disbelief in the traditional policy of Convoy—these and many other matters of first-class importance to an efficient Navy will be brought to the bar of judgment in this faithful and restrained history.

This book will not be of interest to Naval Students only. The general reader will find its pages packed with narrative sufficiently exciting and enthralling to hold his attention, or hers, from the opening page to the last. No one can finally lay it down without gratitude to its author, and without a real understanding of the meaning of sea-power, and the correct means by which it can be fully exploited. Particular interest will be found in the chapter which gives the account of the first mutiny of the German Fleet. The final mutiny inevitably raises a certain compassion for the very high-spirited German officers whom it deprived of the chance of a final test of strength with the Grand Fleet and which, instead, condemned the High Sea Fleet to the ignominy of surrender as a condition of the Armistice.

The heroism and devotion of officers and men, and their patience and perseverance in this fiery trial, will earn the gratitude of those ashore who are now secure from the disaster that so nearly overtook them. The officers and men of the auxiliary forces receive that recognition which is their due, for great, indeed, were their services. Of the Merchant Marine it is difficult to speak with moderation. The constancy, the fearless courage, the dogged perseverance and brilliant seamanship of its officers and men constitute a truly glorious page in the chequered history of the sea. The Merchant Marine, perhaps more than any branch of the fighting forces in this or other countries, may claim to have won the war.

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NEW NOVELS.

A BINSTEAD OMNIBUS VOLUME. (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.)
CYPRESS IN MOONLIGHT. By AGNES MURE MACKENZIE. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)
ARMY WITHOUT BANNERS. By JOHN BEAMES. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

LORD ROSEBERY called Arthur Binstead the modern Thucydides. He is nearer to Aristophanes. Aristophanes reveals for us in his comedies the social life of Athens in its golden age, the social life of London in the eighties and nineties is lit up by the immortal Pitcher. It was a period when leisure had not yet become a crime; and when the man about town flourished with

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the luxuriance which moralists attribute to weeds and young men associate with gardenias. The *jeunesse dorée* were to be found in the promenades of the music halls observing through an approving eye-glass the elegant black silk stockings and white-frilled petticoats of the chorus girls, or else in Romano's treating their companions to an accomplished collation of lobster and champagne on tick. Among them went the Pitcher.

His works are an admirable example of what Henry James called saturation. Those touches of exact life that a novelist writing from outside would have to create with difficulty from his imagination the Pitcher naturally put down because he was soaked in the atmosphere. He did not use his imagination, but his observation. And his observation was shrewd and humorous. As one reads him one's mind is continually stimulated by a twist in the sentence, a satirical touch. "Remorse," he writes, "is after all, a thoroughly wholesome and healthy secretion; with what bitter anguish do we recall those awful early virtues which we now know to have been only wasted opportunities," and when he is preluding a broad and laughable story with a description of the meeting between the two characters he gives it a zip by a single operative word.

> Between these two a furious flirtation of shy looks and subtle glances had been going on all through supper, and the celebrated horseman only waited judiciously until the young lady had paid her bill to step across the room and ask Charlie to give him an introduction to her.

In the present volume the last three novels reflect the gay, the *demi-mondaine*, the Piccadilly world; a world in which Archie Toddington, "whose wardrobe (since he never went out until the evening) consisted entirely of dress suits and overcoats," was at home, and graced by the charming lady "who didn't dare trust herself to walk down Regent Street Quadrant alone; the mere sight of the men's trousers in the shop windows filled her with such indescribable longings to flirt." They look back in manner to Harriette Wilson's memoirs, though with less *haut ton* and more *bas de soie*, and precede in a coarser vein, more roystering than Wooster, the divine imbecilities of P. G. Wodehouse.

But in "Houndsditch Day-by-Day" the characters are closer to Sam Weller. The humour grows more richly vulgar. It is Cockney, and Yiddish Cockney. It is not possible to give an idea of the abundant humour, as opposed to wit, by quotation. It is diffused over the whole; it lies rather in the tilt of the presentation than in verbal felicities.

After the active humanity of Arthur Binstead it is depressing to turn to the pasteboard characters and artificiality of "Cypress in Moonlight."

The medieval poets included among their personified virtues and vices a lady called *Faux Semblant*. The lover, dreaming in the garden of Venus, would at his first sight of her be struck with admiration. Her dress was encrusted with jewels, and her hair shone like gold. But when Beauty followed her and he saw them together he would realize that *Faux Semblant* was but a tinsel image of true beauty, masquerading in her robes but uninformed by her spirit. Nowadays *Faux Semblant* is not so readily detected as an impostor.

Mrs. Mackenzie seems to me to be in danger of becoming the Humbert Wolfe of prose. To explain myself more clearly, I would say that Mr. Humbert Wolfe appears to me an example of *Faux Semblant*. He sprinkles his verse with " poetic " bright-coloured words, and false combinations of adjectives and nouns, such as "Blind Rose," or " God's inconceivable diapason." What began with inspiration has ended in a trick. His verse gives an impression of meretricious glitter. Mrs. Mackenzie's prose gives the same impression.

" Against a background like Mantegna's frescoes at Mantua," we are told on the jacket of " Cypress in Moonlight," " with a sullen duke and a sinister dowager, and a beautiful and evil dwarf (*sic*) *the exquisite minuet of passion dances to its tragic close.*" This brief description manages to comprise in itself most of the faults of the novel—a pretentious display of culture, hackneyed *romantic* characters, and flagrant abuse of evocative words. Mrs. Mackenzie tells us that it is cloak-and-dagger romance, though she actually writes it in Italian " *capa y espada.*" It is also called an operetta in prose. It is divided not into chapters, for that would be too banal; but into Acts, and the headings of the scenes are entitled *Allegretto alla Marcia, Poi Religioso*, or *Aria da Balletto*, etc. The cloak-and-dagger romance has become very *refeened* and excessively cultured. The characters speak in French, in Italian, in German, and in broad Scots. Latin is naturally quoted, and is a relief. There is, however, no Spanish or Russian.

What a thousand pities that Mrs. Mackenzie decided to show off rather than to write! For she could, and does at times write well and unaffectedly, but she always seems uneasy at being simple, and anxious to get back to those pretty-pretty, picturesque words; and when she is wishing to create a romantic atmosphere her prose becomes too appallingly high-falutin' and pinchbeck.

> The dancers spilt apart, like thrown flowers, and the sudden drift of them drew his eyes to the stage. La Biondella sprang like a rose in a fountain, hovering between them, the slender gilded shoes barely touching the ground, *her arms a white grace against the sway of a long garland.* The music paused and changed, and she danced alone to it now; *she seemed to have reached very far under it, to a deep silence untroubled by the delicate arabesque of the violins.*

Fine writing with a vengeance is it not? If there was excitement, and we look for excitement in a cloak-and-dagger romance, to atone for the style, it would not impinge itself on the mind so shockingly, but, unfortunately, the style is apparently meant to make up for the lack of excitement.

The style of "Army without Banners" by contrast is refreshingly unaffected. "Army without Banners" is the story of a settlement in North-West Canada. It deals chiefly with the two families of the Clovellys and the Kents. The Clovellys are true pioneers who tire of a place as soon as it is surely settled and cultivated, and who always believe that just over the next range of hills will be their promised land. The Kents, on the other hand, seek to create in the wilds the comforts and civilization they have been forced to leave. The incidents retain the interest of the reader without recourse to melodrama or sordidness. The descriptions are natural, the characters sympathetically portrayed. It is a book to read with pleasure and finish with regret.

R. McNair Scott.

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